THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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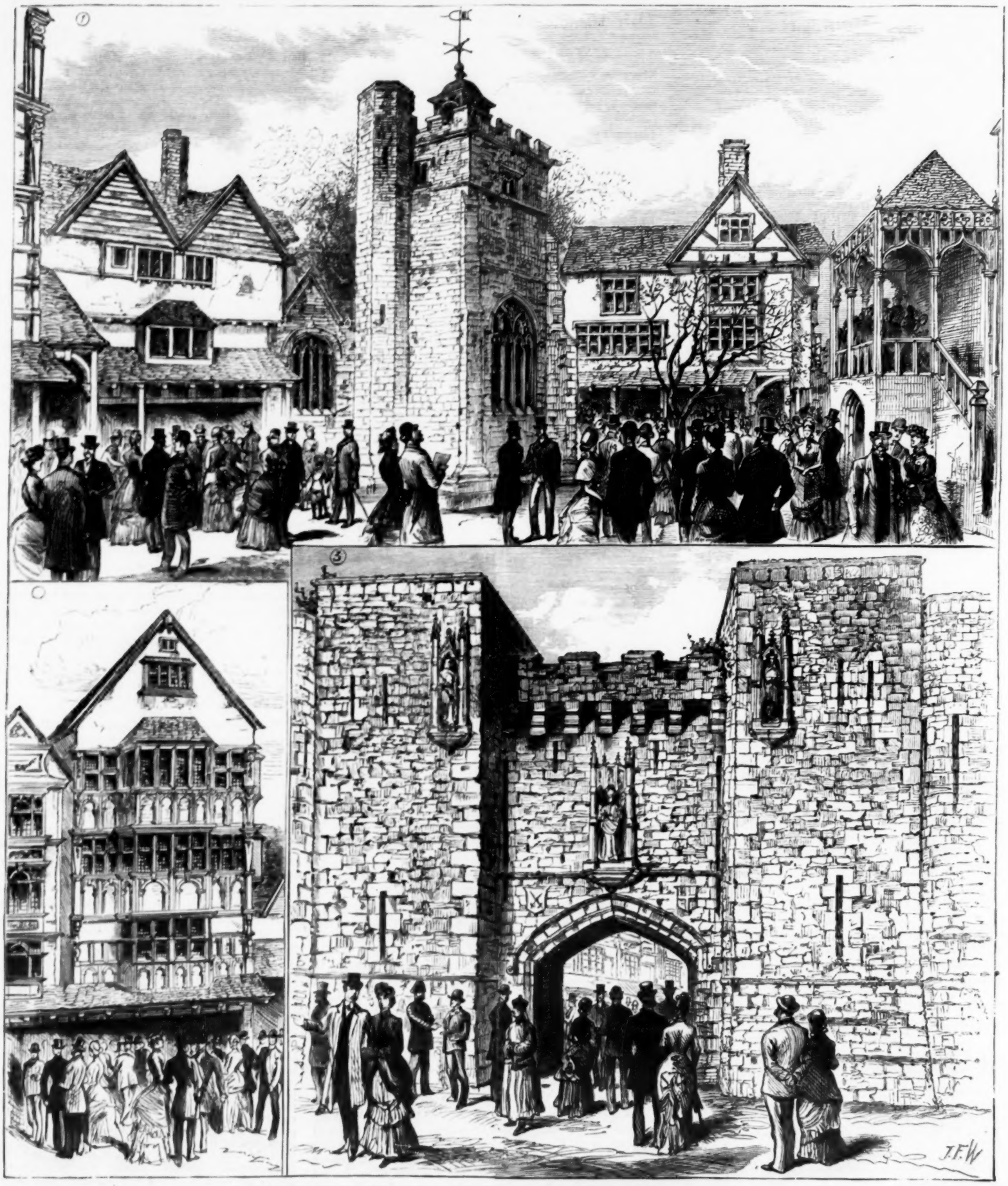


1. All-Hallows Staining, and Butchers' Row. 2. Izaak Walton's House in Fleet-street. 3. Old English Gateway.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON: "REPRODUCTION OF LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

MARRIAGE.

On the 1st inst., at the British Consulate, Florence, Italy, and at the Scotch Church, by the Rev. J. R. McDougall, M.A., Charles Herbert Smith to Mary Jaffray, daughter of the late Rev. Richmond S. Thomson, M.A., Minister of the Free Church, Arbirlot.

DEATHS.

On the 2nd inst., at Wimbledon House, after less than two days' illness, Margaret Maria, second daughter of the late Mr. Edgar, of Clapham-common, and, since July 20, 1848, the loving and much-loved wife of Sir Henry W. Peek, Bart., M.P.

On the 23rd ult., at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Frederick Stovin Dealtry Willett (Cantab), the dearly-loved elder son of E. Sparshall Willett, M.D., of Wyke House, Isleworth, aged 30.

On the 3rd inst., suddenly, at No. 8, Chesterfield-street, Mayfair, Richard Henry FitzRoy Somerset, Lord Raglan, aged 66.

On the 3rd inst., at 38, Upper Grosvenor-street, the Lady Lucy Calvert, aged 64 years.

⁂ The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 17.

SUNDAY, MAY 11.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Morning Lessons: Deut. iv. 1—23; John ii. Evening Lessons: Deut. iv. 23—41 or v.; 2 Thess. iii.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon H. Scott Holland; 7, the Bishop of Argyle.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. Dr. M. Butler, for the British and Foreign Bible Society; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon Prothero; 7 p.m., Rev. Harry Jones.
St. James's, noon, probably Rev. Daniel Moore.
Whitehall, 11 a.m., the Dean of Worcester, for the Bishop of London's Fund; 3 p.m., Rev. G. H. Curteis, Boyle Lecture II.
Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White, the Chaplain; 7 p.m., Rev. Canon W. Lefroy.

MONDAY, MAY 12.

Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m.
Ragged School Union, anniversary, 6 p.m.

TUESDAY, MAY 13.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Gamgee on the Physiology of Nerve and Muscle.
Horticultural Society, 11 a.m.
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m.
Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Mr. J. E. Nixon on Rhetoric (four days).
Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m., Mr. E. H. Man and Professor Flower on the Ethnology and Osteology of the Andaman Islands.
Colonial Institute, 8 p.m., Mr. J. R. Mosse on Irrigation in Ceylon.
Metropolitan Free Hospital, anniversary festival, Holborn Restaurant.
Races: Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14.

The *Illustrated London News* first published, 1842.
Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, St. Paul's Cathedral, 3.20 p.m., Rev. Canon Mason.
Microscopical Society, 8 p.m.
Geological Society, 8 p.m., papers by Mr. H. Hicks and Mr. H. G. Spearing.
Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
University of London, Presentation day.
Society of Analysts.
Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Professor Fleeming Jenkin on Telpherage.
Oxfordshire Agricultural Society Show, Wallingford (two days).

THURSDAY, MAY 15.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on Flame and Oxidation.
Numismatic Society, 7 p.m.
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.
Society of Antiquaries, 8.30 p.m.
Chemical Society, 8 p.m.
Historical Society, 8 p.m.
London Missionary Society, anniversary, 10 a.m.
Morpeth Races.

FRIDAY, MAY 16.

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 2 p.m.
Royal Institution, 8 p.m., Professor Odling on the Dissolved Oxygen of Water, 9 p.m.
Philological Society, anniversary, 8 p.m., address by Dr. J. H. Murray.
Botanic Society, lecture, 4 p.m.
Architectural Association, 7.30 p.m.
United Service Institution, 3 p.m.
Alexandra Park May Meeting.

SATURDAY, MAY 17.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Bonney on the Bearing of Microscopical Research upon some Large Geological Problems.
Newspaper Press Fund, annual dinner—the Marquis of Lorne in the chair.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28′ 6″ N.; Long. 0° 18′ 47″ W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

	DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.†		
		Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.
		Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°		Miles.	In.
April	20	29.925	40.2	28.9	·67	8	44.6	34.3	ENE. NNE.	182	0.000
	21	29.944	38.8	30.4	·74	5	48.2	31.0	NNE. ENE.	206	0.000
	22	29.974	39.8	28.3	·66	7	47.2	31.8	ENE.	303	0.000
	23	29.801	39.8	29.3	·69	7	48.7	27.9	ENE. NNE. ENE.	188	0.000
	24	29.784	39.9	30.3	·71	5	47.2	29.6	ENE. NNE. E.	186	0.000
	25	29.833	42.6	34.2	·74	9	47.6	33.7	ENE.	166	0.000
	26	29.759	41.6	34.9	·79	7	50.0	33.9	ENE. WSW. SSW.	126	0.060
	27	29.616	41.7	41.2	·98	7	48.8	34.4	S. ENE. SSW.	153	0.280*
	28	29.736	43.2	39.5	·98	7	52.7	35.2	SSW. WSW.	58	·006†
	29	29.731	46.4	37.8	·74	3	59.2	30.6	WSW. WNW.	44	·000
	30	29.741	48.2	36.5	·71	6	56.2	37.0	WNW. WSW. N.	156	·020
May	1	29.776	47.3	39.0	·75	9	54.3	35.7	WNW. WSW.	389	·065
	2	29.654	51.1	44.8	·81	9	54.6	46.6	WSW.	394	·045
	3	29.366	46.9	41.0	·82	9	55.2	44.0	WSW. W.	495	0.075‡

* Rain and hail. † Dew. ‡ Rain and hail.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—

FROM APRIL 20 TO APRIL 26.

Barometer (in inches) corrected ..	29.928	29.933	29.982	29.942	29.810	29.824	29.803
Temperature of Air	41.6°	42.3°	41.6°	42.4°	42.3°	44.8°	47.0°
Temperature of Evaporation	37.7°	38.3°	37.9°	37.4°	38.4°	40.6°	41.0°
Direction of Wind	ENE.	N.	NE.	NE.	NNE.	NE.	ENE.

FROM APRIL 27 TO MAY 3.

Barometer (in inches), corrected ..	29.698	29.730	29.757	29.771	29.672	29.738	29.398
Temperature of Air	45.3°	46.1°	48.2°	52.4°	51.6°	52.9°	51.9°
Temperature of Evaporation ..	43.7°	43.9°	44.7°	46.8°	44.6°	46.3°	43.2°
Direction of Wind	ENE.	SSW.	SW.	SW.	W.	W.	W.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s.
Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Viâ NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Weekday Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class). Night Service Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria, 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge, 8.0 p.m.
Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s.
The Normandy and Brittany, Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.
A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versâ.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.
ENTRIES CLOSE MAY 19. SHOW OPEN MAY 31, JUNE 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.
Prize Lists and Forms of Entry may be obtained on application to R. VENNER, Secretary, Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.
Offices: Barford-street, Liverpool-road, Islington.

FURNITURE TRADES EXHIBITION, Agricultural Hall, THIS DAY, comprising suites of art furniture for dining-rooms, halls, staircases, bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, billiard-rooms; also glass and china, carpets and curtains, floorcloths and tiles, pianos and organs, bronzes and lamps, stoves and ranges, clocks and barometers, pendants and chandeliers.

FURNITURE TRADES EXHIBITION, Agricultural Hall, THIS DAY.—The BAND of her Majesty's ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (by permission of Colonel F. Burnaby), conducted by Charles Godfrey, EVERY AFTERNOON and EVERY EVENING.

FURNITURE TRADES EXHIBITION, Agricultural Hall, THIS DAY, and until MAY 17.—The best collection of furniture ever seen. Open from Ten a.m. to Ten p.m.—Admission One Shilling.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, PICCADILLY, W.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from Nine a.m. to Six p.m.

ADMISSION, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. Season Tickets, 5s. ALFRED EVERILL, Sec. (pro tem.)

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERI'S Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

MASKELYNE and COOKE'S ENTERTAINMENT, EGYPTIAN HALL, Every Afternoon at Three, but only Three Evenings in each Week—viz., Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Eight. PSYCHO'S NEW MYSTERIES have taken London by storm, and the elegant Fire-proof Hall is filled at every performance. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
W. MORTON, Manager.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—A MOSS ROSE RENT (last representations), written by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; after which a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled A LITTLE DINNER. Concluding with A DOUBLE EVENT, written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed; Music by Corney Grain.—MORNING PERFORMANCES Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; EVENINGS, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office open from Ten to Six. No charge for Booking. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1884.

The month of May in England has its traditions, and those traditions are of a very mixed character. Society then awakes to the fact that the London season has commenced, and prepares for the customary round of town pleasures and excitements at a time when Nature is arraying herself in her loveliest attire. It is an anomaly which many people deplore, but none can set aside. National habits, especially those of fashionable life, are inflexible; and circumstances conspire to give them permanence. While the art-galleries at this season throw open their treasures, the Opera draws together the most accomplished vocalists of Europe, the theatres multiply their attractions, and balls and dinners, concerts and conversaziones are the order of the day—and night. May has also sensations of another kind, and for other classes. Exeter Hall becomes the symbol of multitudinous religious festivals, which are a perennial and gentle stimulus to some sections of the community; and it is the month when philanthropic societies, whose name is legion, prepare for their annual appeals to the benevolent, assisted, for the most part, by the inevitable dinner.

The Season may be said to have opened with the Royal Academy banquet. On Saturday night were gathered around the hospitable board of the President and Council at Burlington House, and surrounded by some of the choicest paintings of the season, the representatives of almost every section of British Society in its higher walks. Statesmen and diplomatists, prelates and men of science, authors and critics, peers, judges, and members of the military and naval services, mingled with the phalanx of representatives of the fine arts to enjoy what Lord Granville described as the "brilliant intellectual feast" prepared for them. There have been occasions when the after-dinner speeches at the Royal Academy dinner have been more felicitous, but they have rarely been more apt or genial—their object being to illustrate the solidarity that obtains between religion, science, and literature, and the fine arts that interpret and adorn them. They may thus, as Archdeacon Farrar said, claim to be members of one and the same great brotherhood, who labour to cheer, bless, and elevate mankind. Sir F. Leighton, upon whom, as chairman, devolved responsibilities which were discharged with his customary grace and aptitude, was able to announce that a considerable extension of their building would next year largely increase the space at the disposal of the hanging committee. How far this will mitigate the pressure upon the Academy remains to be seen. Every artist naturally wishes to be represented on its lines, though comparatively few enjoy the privilege. But the success of the Grosvenor Gallery, and of nearly every exhibition of paintings—and their number yearly increases—affords abundant evidence that the English are an art-loving people.

Last year the International Fisheries Exhibition was the speciality of the London Season. The International Health Exhibition, which occupies the same site, promises to be the great feature of 1884. In the absence of the Prince of Wales, the President, who was still absent in Germany, it was opened on Thursday afternoon by the Duke of Cambridge. The Health Exhibition, which is under the patronage of the Queen, promises to be a useful school of instruction. It contains a variety of models of sanitary houses, a series of educational fittings and gymnasia for school use, apparatus for preventing danger to health and life in workshops, machinery in motion for making various objects connected with the Exhibition, a completely-fitted laundry, and infinite varieties of food. Not less attractive to the fair sex will be the international collection of dresses and of English costumes, while persons of antiquarian tastes will be able to inspect an elaborate model of part of the City of London in the olden time. Profiting by last year's example, the managers have arranged for cheap dinners, provided under the auspices of the School of Cookery, and for a series of afternoon and evening concerts. Entertainments of this character greatly contributed to the success of the Fisheries Exhibition, and they will probably enhance the attractions of the show now open at South Kensington. The provision of an agreeable lounge has become essential to such exhibitions. A knowledge of the laws of health and the elements of sanitary science is still caviare to the multitude, and is far more likely to be gained, at least for practical purposes, at the exhibition now accessible to all than from any number of publications.

More often than not, May is a period of political excitement, if not of Ministerial peril. At present there is anxiety on *both* sides the Speaker's chair. A vote of censure—the second this Session—impends over her Majesty's Ministers, who are to be arraigned next week by Sir M. Hicks-Beach for their alleged desertion of General Gordon. This grave charge is founded on the despatches lately published. One obvious defect of the indictment is that there is no certainty as to the actual position of that illustrious representative of England, for it is quite possible that by Monday next we may learn afresh that he is secure at Khartoum, and able, for some months to come, to hold his own. If the Government are to be vindicated, the Bluebook on the subject will have to be supplemented by explanations that will make it clear that Ministers have pursued a wise, generous, and consistent policy, and that they have neglected no means of insuring the personal safety of General Gordon and his companions at Khartoum, while adhering to their resolution to retire from the Soudan. The forthcoming debate, though not likely, under the circumstances, to endanger the Government, is anticipated with unusual curiosity and concern; and it must be the sincere wish of all who place the national honour above party objects that the Prime Minister may be able to justify the motives and action of himself and his colleagues.

It is the misfortune of the Opposition that they are unable at this juncture to present an undivided front. Their internal differences last week enabled the Government to get the Franchise Bill into Committee—Mr. Chaplin being obliged to content himself with a barren protest against the inclusion of Ireland in the measure—and gave them an easy triumph on their proposal of day sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays till the end of June. The desertion of their party on both these occasions by Lord Randolph Churchill and his immediate adherents confirmed the report of a serious schism in the Opposition camp, which became manifest to all the world on the announcement that his Lordship had resigned the chairmanship of the National Union of Conservative Associations. The Schism is more serious than was at first supposed. It would seem from Lord Randolph's version of the story that the real power of the party is wielded by the Central Committee under the auspices of the recognised dual leaders, and that the National Union is an organising agency, having no resources beyond those supplied by that Committee, upon whom it is dependent. His Lordship has struck against this arrangement. He cares naught for the promise that, if he obeys orders, he shall stand high in the councils of the party, but demands a Caucus on the Liberal basis, and in accordance with Democratic ideas, with local representative councils, and the like. He has thus raised a very grave issue which threatens a Conservative disruption. Possibly a basis of compromise may at length be found, but it is easier to heal the breach for a time than to make so irrepressible and versatile a politician amenable to party discipline, and induce him to refrain from plucking the fruit before it is ripe.

The negotiations for bringing about a Conference of the Great Powers relative to the financial position of Egypt are not, apparently, completed. All except France and Turkey are understood to have acquiesced, without reserve, in the expediency of reconsidering the Law of Liquidation. In the first case friendly explanations have been, and are being, exchanged; in the second, a guarantee of the maintenance of the Egyptian tribute to the Sultan is required. A rough financial statement has been published as an official paper, from which it appears that during the past three years there has accumulated a deficit of about £400,000, to which has to be added the estimated deficit of this year, swelling the amount to £912,000. Egypt is practically bankrupt, and requires a loan of eight millions sterling to restore the equilibrium—that is, to pay off the Alexandrian indemnity, meet the cost of evacuating the Soudan, undertake necessary works of irrigation, and extinguish the floating debt. Our army of occupation this year entails a burden on the Egyptian Exchequer of more than £350,000. To submit this with the other items of the account to a Conference would naturally raise a question of policy. France, for instance, might require to know in the interests of her bondholders how long this tax is to last. Spite of somewhat unseemly questions on the subject, our Government keep their own secret. Clearly the questions to formally occupy the Conference will have to be settled by preliminary negotiation. If that should fail, a Conference would be useless. But is it not possible that her Majesty's Ministers will be driven by the exigencies of the case to make a new departure, such as, with the assent of the Powers, the occupation of Egypt for a term of years? This is far more probable than the device of what is called a "Multiple Control," under which, without doubt, the last state of Egypt would be worse than the first; for such a scheme would sooner or later provoke a general scramble, if not a general war.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

A page of printed matter purporting to be "Echoes of the Week" should obviously be devoted to the chronicling of the passing events of that week. That verity has (perhaps very slowly) begun to dawn on me. But what are the "passing events" which should be duly "echoed" in these columns? Would you like me to say anything about the Franchise Bill, the Conference on Egyptian Finance, the Soudan, the position of General Gordon, or the chances of the leaders of the two great political parties ("Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few") at the next general election? Alas! I am debarred from commenting on politics at all. The political opinions which I have taken the liberty of holding ever since I had any serious opinions whatsoever are considered by a large body of respected readers to be of a gravely criminal nature; and whenever I presume to hint that the History of Toryism is the History of tyranny, cruelty, bigotry, stupidity, ignorance, and obstruction, and not the History of Human Progress, I am violently upbraided or scornfully reviled. So I have nothing to say about the Franchise Bill, the Egyptian Muddle, or the General Election.

The opening of the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy and of the Grosvenor Gallery are, again, manifestly among the passing events which might be treated in the "Echoes." I could tell you *such* things about the Private Views in Old Bond-street and at Burlington house. I could be *so* wrathful about the behaviour of the Hanging Committee to at least one famous foreign artist. I could say so much about Boccaccio and Dryden, Beroaldus and the idyll of Theocritus entitled Βουκολισκος, in connection with Sir Frederick Leighton's great picture of "Cymon and Iphigenia." I could discourse at great length about Mr. Burne Jones's picture at the Grosvenor, of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," and show you, out of Percy's "Reliques," the happy life led by the parties to a union which was surely not akin to Mr. Orchardson's "Mariage de Convenance" at the Academy.

And thus they led a quiet lyfe
During their princely raigne;
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers sheweth plaine.
The lords they took it grievously,
The ladies took it heavily,
The commons cried piteously;
Their death to them was paine.

But, woe is me! I must not say aught about art in this place. I have spent more than twenty hours during the last seven days in tramping through the picture galleries, and have written about them, "in another place," till I have become bankrupt for want of fresh adjectives; but here I must be as mute as a stock-fish on things æsthetic. My esteemed colleague, the art-critic of this Journal, is a gentleman of a singularly sweet and benignant disposition. In one respect only is he implacable. Were I in this place to say a word about modern pictures, sculpture, or engraving, he would pursue me with steel, and be satisfied with nothing less (figuratively speaking) than my heart's best blood.

Perhaps it is not altogether my fault if I do not every week devote a larger amount of space to current events. Many hundreds of my readers seem to have become impressed with the conviction that these columns are only a collection of "Answers to Correspondents," and that I am bound to furnish them with all the information on most conceivable questions, of which they stand in need. Take the following as an example.

Miss —— presents her compliments, and will be glad if G. A. S. can give her some particulars of the undermentioned in his next issue of the "Echoes." Who was Mary Ann Schemmelpenninck? (etc.) Where was she born? What are the dates of her birth and death, and some particulars about her life. Also the same of Anne Grant, of Laggan, Esther Lynch Piozzi, Duchesse d'Abrantès, Princess de Lamballe, and Sophie Restaud de Cottin.

Mind; it is in "the next issue of the 'Echoes'" that this string of questions is to be answered. On the whole, I think (in the interests of my long suffering readers who want Echoes on passing events and not excerpts from the biographical dictionaries), that I should prefer not to answer the queries; although I am sorely tempted to say something about Mary Ann Schimmelpenninck, a very curious book of whose is on my shelves. It is a quarto, published in 1815, entitled "Theory on the Classification of Beauty and Deformity, and their Correspondence with Physiognomic Expression." The work is illustrated with four charts and thirty-eight copper-plates, coloured, which, together with the text, strike me as being a little "daft."

Ah! here is a passing event on which legitimate comment may be made. On Monday, the 5th inst., Mrs. Gladstone opened a children's playground in Southwark, on part of the site of the old Horsemonger-lane Jail. The Premier's spouse was presented with a golden key to open the playground withal; and the Earl of Aberdeen, who presided at the ceremony of inauguration, dwelt on the good which the Playgrounds Association had effected during its brief existence, and expressed much regret that Lord Brabazon, who had ever shown so deep an interest in the welfare of the over-crowded metropolitan poor, should have been deprived through indisposition of the pleasure of being present on the occasion. To the indefatigable Lord Brabazon all Londoners owe a very deep debt of gratitude. His name and that of his lady are intimately associated with many beneficent movements, among which will not readily be forgotten Hospital Saturday, the People's Entertainment Society, and a comprehensive scheme of State-aided Emigration.

Mem.: Lord Aberdeen's mention of the brief existence of the Metropolitan Public Garden, Boulevard, and Playground Association recalls to my remembrance the circumstance that, some four-and-twenty years ago, I "did" for a whole summer season for a daily newspaper, then young and struggling, all the public dinners:—looking in afterwards at the opera or at one of the theatres to "do" as much as I could witness of the performance. All of which, with leader and review-writing, art-criticism and an occasional chronicle of a hanging, and the proceedings of the Gorilla and the Talking Fish, were part of the education of a journalist. I remember that one of the public dinners which I "did" during that season was one to celebrate the establishment of a Metropolitan Playground Association, and that the chairman of the evening was Charles Dickens, who made on the occasion one of the most eloquently incisive speeches that I ever heard him deliver.

I never learned short-hand; and it was in long-hand that I jotted down the main points of the after-dinner oratory; and I remember noticing that Dickens, while his health was being proposed—and somewhat long and tedious was the proposal—was thrumming in an odd jerky manner with his finger and thumb on the table-cloth. Surely I thought that determined and trenchant speaker could not be nervous. He told me afterwards, when I mentioned that which had so sorely puzzled me at the dinner, that it was very probable that he had been half unconsciously "taking" in invisible short-hand on the table-cloth note-book the involved phrases of the wearisome speaker who proposed his health. Charles Dickens had been, as we all know, when a young man, one of the skilfullest newspaper reporters of his time; and the craft of stenography he never lost.

Old Horsemonger-lane Jail, where Leigh Hunt was incarcerated for calling (in the *Examiner*) the Prince Regent a "disappointer of hopes" and "an Adonis of fifty," and where he was visited by Byron, I mind very well. I saw the Mannings, husband and wife, hanged on the roof of the gateway of the prison one raw morning in November, 1849. It was not until eighteen years afterwards that public executions were abolished, and that I went down to Maidstone to witness the execution of the first murderer who was strangled in private under the new Act. I fail to see that the abrogation of public executions has been in the slightest degree instrumental in diminishing the frequency of murder, or in improving either the morals or the manners of the roughs.

By-the-way, it would be interesting to know, for the sake of the apparition-mongers who are trying to raise a clutter just now about fancied visitants from the other world, whether any provision has been made for the celebrated Ghost of Horsemonger-lane Jail. This ghost was (or is?) one of those phantoms who are in the habit of walking about with their heads off. It was in 1802 that Colonel Despard, a gallant and high-bred gentleman, but broken-down, crack-brained, and with a grievance against the Government, was, with more than a score of accomplices, arrested at a public-house in Lambeth, called "The Oakley Arms." The Colonel, and five or six other misguided creatures, were in due course hanged and beheaded on the platform over the gateway at Horsemonger-lane; but I never heard of more than one decollated ghost as haunting the corridors of the prison. Has Colonel Despard's "apparition" been pensioned by the Surrey magistrates? A ghost in a playground would be obviously embarrassing to the young people who went thither to play leap-frog.

Among the innumerable attractions of the International Health Exhibition, which appears to have been organised on the principle that everything in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, has something to do with Health, and can be utilised as an "exhibit," is an exceptionally curious waxwork-show, illustrative of the history of costume from the reign of William the Conqueror to that of Queen Elizabeth. The costumes have been designed by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, under whose immediate superintendence the dummies have also been draped. As it is generally understood that the mantle of the late Mr. James Robinson Planché, Somerset Herald, as an authority in all matters of wearing apparel, has descended on the shoulders of Mr. Lewis Wingfield, the Waxwork Show should be one of the most interesting features of the remarkable "Omnium gatherum" at South Kensington.

At the same time, some service might be done to the history of dress by pointing out that from the days of Edward III. to those of Elizabeth, excess in apparel was the cause of continuous trouble to the Legislature. Coke enumerates no less than twenty Acts of Parliament, commencing in 1337 and ending in 1570, with strings of rules as to the costume of people of different ranks—who might be clothed in silk; who might have their gowns or robes faced with gold or silver or fur; and what furs might be worn, from ermine to budge. Budge was dressed lamb's skin.

On these sumptuary regulations a curiously learned commentary is made at p. 14 of a book which I am just now intent (with a pen in my hand) in reading. This is the just published (W. Clowes and Sons) "Order of the Coif," by Alexander Pulling, Serjeant-at-Law. The volume is a large and splendid one, copiously illustrated with well-executed engravings. The colour-printed frontispiece, a reproduction of a mediæval illumination, is very interesting. It represents the Court of Common Pleas, in the middle of the fifteenth century, sitting in Westminster Hall. Seven Judges are ranged, "a terrible show," in the full judicial scarlet of the "Brothers of the Coif"; while the coifs and the parti-coloured robes of the Pleaders show them to be serjeants-at-law of junior standing, in the robes of the day. But to me the most interesting figure in the picture is that of a person whom I conjecture to be the Defendant, who stands in the centre of the foreground, with his back to the spectator, while the Seven Judges on the bench, and the Seven Pleaders at the table below, are making the awfullest faces at him. This wretched defendant seems to have done something, and to be in danger of an Attachment. There is not much left to attach, beyond his most miserable body. He is in his shirt, and bare-legged. The law has had his doublet and hose; but has mercifully left him a pair of old shoes, in order, perhaps, that they may not be cut by the oyster-shells with which Westminster Hall was so plentifully strewed after the lawyers had swallowed the oysters.

Mr. Serjeant Pulling's "Order of the Coif" is a monument of well-digested research, and is not only an exhaustive chronicle of the antiquity and dignity of the degree of Serjeant-at-Law, but an important contribution to the history of the Bench and the Bar of England. The author conclusively shows that the Order of the Coif came into existence before the most ancient title in the English Peerage, and centuries before any order conferring a title of honour was known in England. In fact, it would appear that the Coif is as old as the Common Law. Mr. Serjeant Pulling's book, deeply interesting as it must be not only to lawyers but to antiquaries and to scholars in general, is published at a very appropriate moment; for there are large numbers of worthy but imperfectly-informed people who labour under the impression that, because Serjeant's-inn in Chancery-lane has been disestablished and sold by the Brethren of the Coif, the Order itself has practically been abolished. This impression is a wholly erroneous one; and there is no valid reason why this most ancient Order, judiciously (and judicially) encouraged, should not flourish for another thousand years or so.

The Committee of the Anti-Vivisection Society have sent me a circular referring to a meeting of the members and supporters of the Society to be held on Friday, May 9th. The meeting will have been held before this page is published. The Society have republished an eloquent "screed" of verbiage against vivisection extracted from a novel by Dr. George Macdonald, in which the author takes occasion to remark:—"To such a pass has the worship of Knowledge—an Idol vile even as Mammon himself, and more cruel—arrived, that its priests (men kind as other men to their children, kind to the animals of their household, kind even to some of the wild animals, who will scatter crumbs for the robins in winter and set water for the sparrows on their housetop in summer) will yet, in the worship of this, their idol, *in their greed after the hidden things of the life of the flesh*, confessedly, without compunction . . . . subject innocent, helpless, appealing dumb animals to such tortures whose (*sic*) bare description would justly set me forth to the blame of cruelty towards those who sat listening to the same." Listening to what? Dr. George Macdonald? To the description, the blame, or the cruelty? Let us orate against vivisection; but, at the same time, let us try to write comprehensible English.

I have nothing to say, myself, against vivisection (when placed under proper legal restrictions), for the simple reason that for fifty years I have been in constant contact with the doctors, and have known some of the most eminent surgeons of the last and the present generations.

I was, in early childhood, that which I once heard my mother's maid in conversation with a friend describe me as being, "a miserable little Hobject;" and the doctors were continually doing things to me. I am, in many respects, a miserable object, now; and require to be periodically patched up by the faculty. And I will say naught against vivisection, because I never yet met with a cruel doctor; and because I firmly believe medical men to be among the most humane, the most generous, the most unselfish of mankind; and I indignantly denounce the imputation that there are any members of a noble, a high-minded, and a beneficent profession who, actuated by no more exalted motives than their "greed after the hidden things of the life of the flesh," confessedly and without compunction torture dumb animals. The medical man practises vivisection (with the smallest possible infliction of pain on the animal vivisected) not because he is selfishly greedy after "the hidden things of the life of the flesh," but because he wants to find out what is the matter with *you*, verbose Sir or sentimental Madam; because he is striving his utmost to devise means for saving *you* from misery and anguish; for mitigating the agony of the ills that rack the joints, or fire the veins, or that "in the deeper vitals rage." He is no worshipper of knowledge as of an idol. He tries during his whole laborious life to learn more and more, in order that he may console and relieve and preserve suffering humanity.

These reflections take me back for a moment to the International Health Exhibition. A notable feature in the great "Everything Shop" at South Kensington will be the substantial reproduction, under the auspices of the City Guilds, of a number of old houses in the City of London. An exact model of Bishopsgate, with a stone figure of the Bishop (Erkenwald or William?) in a niche in the gateway; Dick Whittington's house in Hart-street, Crutched Friars; the Fountain in the Minories; some picturesque dwellings from St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate; The Three Squirrels in Fleet-street, the site of Messrs. Child's banking house; Izaak Walton's house—these and many more old houses "resurrected" from engravings in the "Gentleman's" and the "European" Magazines, and Charles Knight's "London," will form a most attractive hodge-podge of the bygone habitations of Londoners.

Persons of a carping and disparaging turn of mind may ask, "What have all these resuscitations of old London houses to do with International Health?" Stay a moment. The architectural *pasticcio* brought together under the direction of Mr. Birch, the architect, comprises a model of the defunct Butchers' Row by Temple Bar. It is the butchers from the Row who are burning "rumps" at Temple Bar in one of Hogarth's illustrations to "Hudibras." John Timbs does not speak in very complimentary terms of the houses (mostly Elizabethan, and constructed of wood and plaster, with overhanging eaves) of Butchers' Row. "They were," he says,

Wretched fabrics, the receptacles of filth in every quarter, the bane of old London, and a sort of nestling place for plagues and fevers. The ceilings were low, with large unwrought beams, and lighted by small casement windows. The cant name of the place among coachmen in the days of the *Spectator* was the "Pass," or the "Straits of St. Clement's."

Now do you see the association between International Health and the models of old London Houses at Kensington Gore? They will form a silent but most impressive sermon on Sanitation; for in the originals of these picturesque houses were engendered and kept "potted" for periodical dissemination the Sweating Sickness, the Falling Sickness, the Plague, and the Black Death. A selection from Dr. Guy's Lectures on Public Health might be advantageously read to the sightseers in the revived Butchers' Row; and then they might as appropriately thank Heaven that they are rid of the nasty old city, which to the poetic mind of Mr. William Morris is ever "Lovely London," but which was a store-house of filth and a forcing-house of contagious disease.—G. A. S.

THE LATE MR. M. T. BASS.

THE LATE SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

MRS. GLADSTONE OPENING A PUBLIC PLAYGROUND FOR CHILDREN ON THE SITE OF HORSEMONGER-LANE JAIL.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

"Don't come near me," she screamed.

BERNA BOYLE.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "THE SENIOR PARTNER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHATEVER faults friends or enemies might feel disposed to attribute to Mrs. Boyle, she scored, in common with many celebrated generals, in the fact that she had gained one great victory.

Let people say what they pleased about her, nor man nor woman could deny she had made, when close on thirty, a very fine match—an extraordinarily fine match. If things did not turn out "as she had a right to expect" the fault was not hers. A warrior or a woman can only annex an important territory: Fate and circumstances may occur to render its annexation, comparatively speaking, valueless, but the splendour of the conquest remains.

Mrs. Boyle was faded and poor, but no one could deny she had been the lawful wife and was the widow of Ulick Boyle, of Boyle Court. She had done all she could, and (socially) it was accounted unto her for righteousness. In the sight of many persons she was a woman much to be commended and admired. After her marriage, undoubtedly the stars, in their courses, fought against her, as they did against an even more unlucky individual—but what of that? No blame could be attributed to Mrs. Boyle for a series of unfortunate accidents. The Boyle family might, for example, be considered wrong because they resolutely refused in any way to recognise Ulick Boyle's wife. Other mothers and fathers after a time forgave their sons if those sons married for love. Not so the Boyles. From the day of his wedding till the day of his father's death, poor Milly's husband never crossed the threshold of his paternal home. And that was twelve long years after he first met Milly, dressed in her pink dress ornamented with nine tucks, at the house of a dreadful Dublin usurer. Not "one farthing" did his father allow him during the whole of that time. What that stern parent wrote on hearing the news was—"I won't curse you, but you shall have no money I can keep you out of, and probably you will find that curse enough."

It was trouble enough, but greater followed. The first child, a boy, who might have "put things right," was born dead. Those acquainted with the Ulick Boyle ménage, and probably few women knew more about that establishment than Ruth, declared the lack of a direct heir was attributable entirely to Mrs. Boyle's own folly.

"As a married wife," said Ruth, who with the best intentions was sometimes in the habit of mixing her forms of expression, "she was just beyond conceivability. She wouldn't take any sort of care of herself. She was here, there, and every place, tearing about like a mad woman. There would have been a living heir right enough, if it hadn't been for a picnic party she would go to at the Dargle. We were living out at Clontarf then, and poor Mr. Boyle—oh! he was the peaceable man—begged and prayed of her not to think of it. He wouldn't have been seen at such a gathering, for they were a rough, wild lot; and after the wedding he always kept himself quiet and to himself, like a man broken-hearted. All the same she went, laughing and joking, and in the height of good spirits; and before the day was out I was sent for, for there had come an end to all the master hoped might bring him and his father together again. Miss Berna was born two years after that; and the way her mother went on about her being a girl was beyond belief."

However it may have happened, no baby boy appeared to heal the breach between father and son; and for more than twelve years Ulick Boyle drifted on in poverty. His grandmother allowed him something, and the usurer a little. Occasionally he had a haul on the turf; at other times he won a few pounds at billiards. Years passed, and his mother died; a few more sped by, and his father departed also. Then came the glorious period of Boyle Court—at least the period which might have been glorious but for the debts Mr. Boyle had accumulated.

Loan after loan, bills renewed and renewed, interest and compound interest. Surely the divine Milly was entitled to no blame for these many calamities; on the contrary, who in her own rank of life could help commiserating the "deception" practised upon her.

Instead of stepping into a clear seven thousand a year, Mr. Boyle was forced to set aside a large slice out of his rent-roll for the benefit of a certain number of importunate persons

Mrs. Boyle termed collectively "a pack of hungry wolves." Further, he had to effect heavy insurances on his life; so once again, to quote Mrs. Boyle, "there was thousands going out before we could buy a loaf." Originally the property had been mortgaged for a considerable amount, which no Boyle attempted to reduce. Ulick's father might have done this. But if he ever even thought of sacrificing his own pleasure for the benefit of posterity, that ill-starred marriage with the enchanting Milly would have caused so sensible an idea to be abandoned.

Thus, one way and another, it came to pass that for years Mr. Boyle, of Boyle Court, was forced to live with the strictest economy, greatly to the vexation of his wife. As a child, Berna had been taken much notice of by her great-grandmother, who paid for her education, and would eventually have adopted the girl altogether had she been content to give up home, father, and mother. It was, of course, only Mrs. Boyle to whom the Dowager objected; but, as she remarked with terrible plainness, "You cannot have home and father without your mother, and if you want your mother you must make up your mind to do without me." Berna made her choice, and Ulick Boyle, though almost mad with anxiety at the time, backed up his daughter's decision.

For two years previously he had not received one shilling of rent. For two years he had been forced to borrow money for his own expenses and to keep up his life policies.

That was the time when two million of Ireland's inhabitants died or emigrated. The starving people could not pay what they owed; and Mr. Boyle, like others, was forced not merely to ask the patience of his old creditors but to contract fresh debts. Still, he did not despair. The famine could not last for ever. Rents, he argued, would be paid again some day. Further, acting on the advice of a Scotch agriculturalist, he began to rear sheep in large quantities, which he afterwards sent to fatten in the rich pastures of Munster.

And if there were wretchedness within doors, there was peace on the sea, on the hillsides, in the fastnesses of Mayo. Mrs. Boyle detested the sea, and, most happily, she could not ride. All the day long father and daughter were together, the unspoken trouble of the man's life drawing their souls more tenderly close. He had no fear concerning the girl's future. A few years more and he could so reduce his debts that the insurances effected for the benefit of his creditors would be available for his wife and child. Wildly extravagant in his earlier life, Mr. Boyle had long been so economical that his hope of eventually freeing his estate from all burdens except the original mortgage and saving sufficient to portion his daughter seemed by no means chimerical. But it was not to be. All in the fine spring weather, just when affairs, like the earth, were once more putting out shoots of promise for him, the end came—to care, business, pleasure.

He was strong and well one moment; the next he was lying with the life almost crushed out of his body, Berna kneeling on the ground beside him; a lad running madly for Mrs. Boyle to see her husband while still breathing; and a man rushing distractedly in search of useless help.

It was the story of a moment—the final page of one Volume to Berna. If the poor, bruised man, painfully gasping out his last breath on the short, sweet grass, were capable of thought, his worst agony must have been for the lonely girl he was leaving. For the creditors literally took everything. Nothing remained save the pittance mentioned by Mrs. Boyle. She might have obtained help: both Sir Herbert and the Dowager had every inclination to let bygones be bygones, and afford substantial assistance, but the widow demanded as a right what they were only willing to accord as a favour. She was a woman who would not be saved except in her own fashion. To be rid of her the Boyles would gladly have made her a sufficient allowance; but they found the only possible means of severing the undesirable connection was to let her return to the poverty from which she had emerged.

Mrs. Boyle's own friends, who heard only one side of the story, were, of course, almost unanimous in the condemnation of her husband's family. Even Mr. Vince, who certainly felt no sympathy with his cousin, declared Ulick Boyle's conduct had been most reprehensible. "A man's first care should always be the welfare of his wife and family," he remarked, sententiously, which observation set Mrs. Vince thinking she was not sorry her own settlements had been drawn out very securely, and her future rendered as independent of any caprice on the part of Richard Charles as her father's lawyers could make it.

There was another point also concerning which Mrs. Boyle could count upon the commiseration of her girlhood's friends—Berna. That young person was an offence to the whole connection. Her voice, her manners, her accent, her appearance, her silence, stank in the nostrils of all her mother's friends.

Had she been rich, they would not have liked her—being poor, they disliked her. A good bouncing, red-cheeked, forward girl, with "plenty to say for herself" and "lots of fun in her," would have received affection and sympathy; but "this bit of sickly affectation," who "thinks herself too high and mighty to associate with one of us," was canvassed most severely in the circles Mrs. Boyle delighted to frequent.

There was no one who failed to pity the widow for being burdened with a girl "without a spark of life in her"; and this pity was intensified when Mrs. Boyle began darkly to hint that Berna (which name, by-the-way, she pronounced Burrna), was the sole obstacle which prevented a second settlement in life, even more satisfactory than the first. Having convinced herself that Gorman Muir was her contemporary if not her senior, Mrs. Boyle naturally failed to make any allusion to the little matter of disparity which might have troubled a wiser woman. With the cunning attaching to weak natures, she further refrained from all mention of who the MAN might be who was dying for love of her.

"He is well-looking, and well-connected, and brimming over with fun and spirits, which the Lord above knows Ulick Boyle never was, but Berna's face grows as black as thunder when he comes inside the door. She's as like her father as two peas. There never was one had a bit of merriment about him he could abide."

When a lady's friends form their ideal of a man "well-connected," "well-looking," "brimming over with fun and diversion," from some spirit merchant who has "big stores" in Church-street, or a sea captain from Newtownards "that has made more by smuggling than any other honest man in the Three Kingdoms," what is there to be said? Sweets to the sweet, sours to the sour, men to the women. Honestly, all Mrs. Boyle's friends believed she had taken another male creature captive to her bow and spear. Why should they doubt the fact? Incredible though it might seem, she had once secured Ulick Boyle—heir to Boyle Court and seven thousand a year. Given this at nine-and-twenty, why not at fifty a sea captain or a spirit merchant?

Why not, indeed?

Very freely the widow's prospects were canvassed amongst her connections; and if some were envious at Mrs. Boyle's "luck," all felt admiration for her power of winning men and her strategy in keeping them.

"Let Milly alone," exclaimed Miss Sheill. "It's herself knows how to take the length of a man's foot. I was wanting her to join me in starting a lodging-house at Bangor; but all the time she was doing better for herself than I could have done for her."

And, indeed, Miss Sheill might be forgiven for falling into such a delusion. Mrs. Boyle had not merely discoursed at length to her friend concerning the match she was about to make, but actually hazarded a proposal that Matilda should share her prospective home.

"He'll never sit down content in one place year in, year out," she declared, with sportive vivacity. "As it is, he is always starting off some place like a flash of lightning, and you may be sure he'd not care to leave me very far behind. I never saw a bit of life all the while I was married to Ulick Boyle. But it's a long lane has no turning, and I'll be having fine times yet. And so, as I was saying, if you like to come and live with us, and look after things while we're away, you'd be more than welcome. You never need black your hands, for we'll have servants in plenty. All you'd have to do would be keep an eye on them, for you know what they are, one and all; and you could put by the whole of your own income, and then, if you saw anybody you thought you'd like, I'd be the first to say 'Leave us.' There's no selfishness about me."

With such prospects in store, Mrs. Boyle naturally forgot the compact entered into with Richard Charles. She went often to Belfast. She was to be seen of all men, flitting about the busiest streets of that thriving town. She had "eased her mourning," and quite decided the next new dress she bought should "at least have a lilac stripe in it. Trying though she had been as a young woman, she was more trying still as a widow. The world had gone on; manners had improved; but Mrs. Boyle had not gone on, and her manners had grown worse. Mr. Vince cut his cousin dead in Donegall-place, and Mrs. Vince refused to see her even though they met face to face in Gardiner's, where Mrs. Boyle and Miss Sheill were refreshing themselves with currant buns. Berna resolutely declined to accompany her mother on any of these campaigns. She had quite made up her mind to leave home, even if she could at first get no salary, as a companion.

Mrs. Vince was inquiring for something likely to suit the girl, and Berna had written to the lady by whom she was educated to know if she could assist her design. This letter was returned to her, however, with the word "Dead" across the envelope. This word formed a text upon which Mrs. Boyle preached many sermons, the burden of all being—

"You see now what it is to be an undutiful child—setting yourself up against a mother that has sacrificed her life for you. It is a judgment upon you—strangers are not so ready to have you. What you'd best do is try to conquer your sinful temper and make yourself pleasant to a man that's willing to find a good home for me. I might have been married and happy long ago, if you had only behaved yourself."

"Well, mamma, I will not stand in your way one moment after I hear of a situation—*any* situation," said Berna, passionately, for once breaking the silence she usually maintained. "I would rather be a servant—polish grates and scrub floors—than continue to lead the life I have led since we came here."

"Ah! you'll find out the difference—maybe, when it is too late," returned Mrs. Boyle, "when you have no home and no mother either."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Matters had arrived at this pass when Mr. Muir, scarcely giving himself time to recover from the smart of disappointment inflicted by Mr. Vince, dressed in his ordinary clothes, in which he felt he had "room to speak," and taking his courage in his hand, walked down to Clear Stream Cottage to say what he had to say to mother, or daughter, or both. He rather wished to see both. He felt it might be "just a shade easier to talk to two women than one"; but nerving himself for either event, and with a strong conviction he would gain the day, he paced along the lane—now ankle deep in dust, as it had once been pretty nearly knee deep in mud—pondering, as he went, on the cross-cornerness of things in general, and of his children in particular.

Not one of them was just to his mind but Gorman, and Gorman wanted to throw himself away on a girl without a halfpenny, whose mother was a "flighty fool," when he had but to "ask and have" Lyle Garnsey's daughter, with "a big fortune and all the best houses open to her."

That the best houses would not open to Berna Boyle he felt too surely.

"With Miss Garnsey for his partner, a man of his knowledge and appearance might have visited both the Earl and the Marquis," he soliloquised, "and just played himself among the gentry; however, it is the Lord's will, and I must submit. I thought myself a made man when I let the Cottage, never taking a notion about the trouble would come of it. Faith, Bell was right when she said we might hear too much concerning the Cottage one day. Now, I wonder how she jumped at that."

Mrs. Boyle had taken an early stroll into the village, so Berna was alone when Ruth ushered Mr. Muir into the little parlour. Drawing materials lay upon the table. During her mother's absence, the girl had been trying to fill in a sketch of the Lough and the county Antrim shore. Instinctively, when Mr. Muir was announced, she threw a sheet of tissue paper over the cardboard.

Never did she feel in a less congenial frame of mind for listening to those compliments of which the farmer was so fatally lavish. Their earliest acquaintance had been inaugurated with some flattering comments, that Berna knew she could never forget, even though she might forgive.

On the present occasion, however, nothing was further from Mr. Muir's mind than mere civility. He had come with a purpose to Berna, as he might have gone to a man; and he was steadfastly determined no undue time should be lost over preliminary courtesies.

Still some commonplace phrases were essential, and the natural politeness of his nation supplied him with words.

"I hope I see you better, Miss Boyle," he began.

"Thank you," she said; and, in the light of a future daughter-in-law, her slight young figure, well-poised head, clean cut features, and high-bred manner seemed good to this man who had risen from the people. "I am very much better—almost well again."

"You found the change to the shore did you good?"

"Yes, indeed. I shall believe in sea air again."

"Yet you are not far from it here. I mind well that Miss Garnsey's aunt, in the old man's time, used to drive over every day of her life and every month in the year, except December and January, to Holywood for the benefit of the salt-water bathing."

"Really! Bathing in the winter months must be extremely cold."

"Not it! The sea is always warmer in the winter than in the summer."

"How very strange. I am so sorry that mamma is not at home."

"I don't know that that makes much odds. It was with you I wanted a few minutes' discourse."

"With me, Mr. Muir?"

"Yes; you can guess what about. My son"——

"About Mr. Gorman?"

"About Gorman; no other. It's no news to you, I suppose, he is fairly breaking his heart over you?"

"Berna sat silent for a moment, looking at Mr. Muir with an expression of absolute fear, then she remarked, slowly,

"I should have thought anything your son had to say he could have said to me."

Mr. Muir laughed—a harsh, short, bitter laugh.

"Make no mistake about that. Gorman's not the sort to make love at secondhand; and, if he were, I'm not exactly the one he'd choose to make it. What I want to understand is this: he has asked you to marry him, as far as I can understand, some half-dozen times?"

"He has asked me to marry him."

"And more than once?"

She inclined her head.

"It's a thing I wouldn't do myself. No—not for the best woman ever stepped on shoe leather," said Mr. Muir, in a tone which clearly implied he did not consider Berna that woman. "If one I had a notion of didn't like to take me she might do the other thing. However, every one to his taste."

There was no reason why Berna should dissent from this statement, and accordingly she held her peace.

"When my son came home," went on Mr. Muir, with his right forefinger beating time to his words on the back of his left hand, "and settled on taking the hill farm, and buckled to work, and turned himself to getting money together, I thought myself a made man. I had little fear but that after a while he would marry Miss Garnsey, and that I would see both their names in the newspapers among the quality gathered at the great parties the Earl and the Marquis give when they come across from England. I did not know what was going on here. It was a notion never occurred to me he had taken a fancy of you. He was as quiet about the whole thing as a mouse in a meal chest. Even Bell—that's my eldest daughter—never suspected it was you were keeping him pleasant and content. When the matter was first broached to me, I declare anybody might have knocked me down with a feather, I was so dumbfoundered. I don't know what call there was to keep the whole thing so close."

"You may be very certain," said Berna, "it was not a subject I should have mentioned."

"And why not?" asked the farmer, aggrieved. "Most of you are glad enough to say you have got a lover, even if he's old and ugly, let alone a proper man like my son—a man any lady in the land might feel proud to be seen with."

"*I* should not have mentioned it," repeated Berna.

"You are a very out-of-the-way sort of young woman," retorted Mr. Muir; "but I don't know that I ought to quarrel with you for being able to hold your tongue—it is a thing not many among you can do."

Once again Berna did not answer. If there had ever been any hope before for Gorman, his father must have killed it.

"What I want to come at is this," he said, "Why do you treat my son as you are treating him—why, if you can't make up your mind to say 'yes' all at once, won't you give him now and then a kind word or a pleasant look?"

"I wish, Mr. Muir, you would not ask me these questions. I wish you had not thought it necessary to speak to me at all. I have tried to make your son understand that I cannot marry him, and I do not think anyone else has a right to talk to me about the matter."

"You're wrong there. If a father sees his son going to the bad he has a clear right to try and stop him. If he sees him brooding and wretched and miserable because a girl says she'll have nothing to do with him, he would not be much of a parent if he didn't try and put things on a proper footing between them. Now, would he?"

"Perhaps not. Only in this case"——

"You mean it is of no use trying to put things square. That may be so; but I intend to strive my hardest. It's not my wish to flatter you, but I must say I consider you have sense beyond the common; and that is the reason I want to have a quiet talk with you."

"But, Mr. Muir, I have told your son I cannot marry him. Surely you can understand how painful it must be for me to repeat the same thing to you."

"It is not pleasant for me to hear; because, as I tell you, Gorman's heart is set on getting you. There is no use beating about the bush. If I could have chosen for him you are not the wife I would have picked. I don't intend any offence by speaking out plainly, but I know he could have done better. I'm sure it's through no good will of mine he hasn't;" and, looking straight in Berna's face as he said this, Mr. Muir paused for her reply.

The girl did not reply. A swift wave of colour swept over her face and then ebbed away, leaving her even paler than before; but she remained silent. She opened her lips to answer, but no sound issued from them.

"I wonder you don't say you would be glad to see him well married," remarked Mr. Muir. "If you do not want him yourself, you need not begrudge him to another."

"Your son is, of course, at liberty to marry anyone he pleases."

"We know that. He has no need to ask your leave. But he wont marry anyone but you; and I should not care so much about his stopping single if it wasn't I am afraid he'll never do a day's good wanting you. So what I wish to get at is why you won't take him. Where would you meet another like Gorman—straight and handsome and clever? There is not one, poor or rich, but likes him. Why can't you, Miss Boyle? Only tell me what he can do to please you, and he'll do his possible, I know."

"It is not that," answered the girl, slowly. "I have no fault to find with your son. He is handsome and accomplished, but"——

"You can't fancy him?"

"I cannot marry him."

"Am I to understand you cannot marry him though you fancy him?"

"I did not say that, Mr. Muir."

"Then what did you say? or rather what do you mean? Why can't you marry him?"

"I was wrong in saying cannot; what I meant was that I will not."

"You will not?"

"I will never marry him."

"At least you can tell me why."

"No, I cannot."

"Well, this beats everything; if you have any reason, why won't you say what it is."

"We do not always choose to give our reasons."

"I think a woman is bound to give a man some reason why she'll have nothing to do with him. It may seem a light matter to you for my son to offer you all he has, his hand and his heart, his love, his whole future; but it is serious, whatever you may consider. We have none of us got more than one life, and it is just his Gorman is willing to put in your charge. No man can bestow on a girl he is fond of more than he has, and when he does propose to bestow his all, I repeat she should

give him some good reason why she refuses what he wants her to take, and not fling it back in his face as if it was beneath her to touch."

"I never treated your son's offer in that way."

"You are doing something very like it now, at any rate. 'You cannot marry him.' 'You will not marry him.' Not another word but that am I able to get out of you. That is no answer to give a man; say what is standing between you. Are you fond of anybody else?"

"No."

"Are you under any promise to another man?"

"No."

"Do you suppose your mother wouldn't let you marry him?"

"I have not thought about it."

"Do you think he is not good enough for you?" She did not answer "Yes," or "No." She only looked like one compelled against her will to look at Mr. Muir for an instant, while he in his turn searched her face with keen eager eyes.

"Ho! ho!" he said, "that's the way of it, is it? The wind sets in that quarter does it. Now just answer me one more question, and I've done. Have you no liking for Gorman at all; don't be afraid of speaking out to me. I'll make no bad use of anything you tell me?"

"I have nothing to tell," she replied.

"Yes, you have," he retorted, "and I have a right to hear. Have you a hatred against my son? No, don't go. I would be sorry to put any constraint on you, but I am purposed to keep you here till I get some sort of answer. I'll put it another way; are you fond of my son?"

"Please to let me go, Mr. Muir. You are hurting me."

"I am sorry for that," he answered; "but I don't mean you to leave this room till I get some sort of satisfaction. I came here meaning to thresh the matter out, and now I am getting at the corn I intend to finish the job. You won't speak, won't you? Well, I will speak for both of us. You *do* care for my son; you couldn't look straight at me and say you are not in love with him."

"You really are hurting me. *Will* you take your hand from my arm, Mr. Muir?"

"I'll do that; I have no need to hold it any longer. But before you go, I'd like well if you would say why you consider Gorman's not good enough for you—in what way you think yourself above him? You needn't be frightened, I am not going to touch you again; I am only intending to stand with my back against this door till I come at the rights of your notion. He is as well-looking, to say the least, as you are; he has more money than you own; you have had no better education than he has; the house where his uncle reared him was as good as Boyle Court, every bit; if he has a farmer for his father, your mother was only Miss Vince, the daughter of old Sam Vince, whose dirty tricks were the talk of Belfast, and"——

"What can be wrong with the catch?" Mrs. Boyle, at this critical moment, was heard exclaiming. "Berna, open!—open! What are you doing? Why, Mr. Muir, and is it yourself? I am heartily glad to see you. I did not know you were behind the door. I thought Berna had locked herself in for a bit of fun. What in the world ails the girl? What's wrong with her, Mr. Muir?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered the gentleman thus appealed to. "I came over this morning to have a talk with her about Gorman, and perhaps she isn't best pleased with what I have said."

"She needed somebody to talk to her," said Mrs. Boyle. "I am sure I have spoken till I am tired. The way she behaves herself is scarce to be believed. It's no wonder your son has quit coming to the house, seeing the black looks he got whenever he showed his face"——

"Mamma!"

"Oh! you'll not stop me now I have begun to speak. I am very glad, Mr. Muir, you have been giving her a talking to. It's out of the question, a friend can't call without being affronted."

"Then I may tell Gorman you have no objection to seeing him, Mrs. Boyle?"

"Objection! quite the contrary. He might know that."

"And perhaps you'd favour the marriage?"

"Oh! Mr. Muir—what marriage?" asked the widow, with modest innocence.

"Why, your daughter's—Gorman will never be happy till he has come with her from church."

"You are not in earnest?"

"I only wish I was not," declared Mr. Muir. "I wish from my soul I was not. She has cast some spell over him. It's like witchcraft, neither more nor less."

For once Mrs. Boyle could not answer. She had dropped on the sofa, and sat staring at Gorman's father, looking like a card castle that has been suddenly demolished.

Had any one else told her this awful thing she would have laughed him to scorn; but there was that in Mr. Muir's face and Mr. Muir's manner which carried conviction with his words. Berna was a child no longer. She stood there a girl grown to woman's estate—her mother's rival. Gorman loved her. It was Ulick Boyle's daughter not Ulick Boyle's widow he wanted to marry. This was what had brought him to the house. Mrs. Boyle had never read Shakspeare, or she might have remembered several passages peculiarly applicable to her own position.

"Don't come near me," she screamed, as Berna made a movement to advance to where she sat. "You're wicked enough already; don't add hypocrisy to your other sins."

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN SOUTH LONDON.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Gladstone opened a public playground for children on the site of old Horsemonger-lane Jail, Union-road, Newington-causeway. The site was secured by the Metropolitan Public Garden and Playground Association. The ground is spacious, inclosed by high walls, and on it has been erected suitable apparatus for the recreation of children of both sexes. There is a gymnasium for the boys at one end of the playground, and at the other is a marquee containing swings and other appliances for the girls. Amongst those present were Mr. W. H. Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, Alderman Lawrence, Mr. Sheriff Smith, and Mr. Sheriff Newman. Mrs. Gladstone was met on entering by the Earl of Aberdeen and others. Mr. Leicester Penrhyn, Chairman of the Surrey Sessions, presented her with a gold key of the ground, which she then declared open. A vote of thanks to Mrs. Gladstone was proposed by Mr. George Russell, M.P., and seconded by Sir Robert Peel, and was carried with acclamation. Mr. W. H. Gladstone, on behalf of Mrs. Gladstone, acknowledged the vote. Horsemonger-lane Jail was built in 1798, as a Surrey county prison, upon a plan approved by John Howard, the philanthropic reformer of prisons. It was a quadrangular brick structure of three storeys above the basement, containing cells for three hundred prisoners, but not more than 165 were ever confined there at any period. In 1802 Colonel Despard and his accomplices in a treasonable conspiracy were hanged and beheaded at this prison. Leigh Hunt, in 1812, suffered imprisonment here for libelling the Prince Regent, and was here visited by Shelley, Byron, and Moore. The Mannings, convicted of a notorious murder in 1849, were executed at this jail.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.

The ceremonial of opening this useful and instructive Exhibition, in the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society at South Kensington, the site of the International Fisheries Exhibition of last year, was performed on Thursday. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge performed the leading part; but the recent bereavement which has placed the Royal Family in mourning is an obvious reason for the absence of such festive pomp as has attended proceedings of a similar character upon some previous occasions. Our detailed account of the opening, and a general description of the arrangements and contents of this Exhibition, must be deferred till next week, along with such Illustrations as may seem appropriate to begin with, intending to present, in the course of the season, much that will be interesting to our readers in connection with the subject. The President of the Exhibition, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has been earnest in promoting its success, and will doubtless personally take an active part in the later public proceedings. The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos is Chairman of the Executive Council; Sir James Paget, F.R.S., is Vice-Chairman, and it comprises the Lord Mayor of London, the Marquis of Hamilton, Sir John Lubbock, M.P., Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, C.B., Lord Reay, Sir Frederick Abel, C.B., Sir J. Fayrer, M.D., Sir John Rose, Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., Dr. G. Buchanan, Mr. Ernest Hart, Dr. G. V. Poore, Captain Douglas Galton, C.B., and other gentlemen specially qualified for the direction of such an undertaking. The Health Exhibition is designed to illustrate all kinds of substances, fabrics, constructions, processes, and appliances, belonging to food, dress, and dwellings, and to the management of schools, workshops, and factories, as affecting sanitary conditions. These objects are distributed in five groups, which claim the attentive study both of scientific and of practical men, physiologists, chemists, physicians, engineers, builders, commercial dealers in articles of diet, and those engaged in manufacture or in cookery of food, or in any of the clothing trades. Water supply, especially that of London, forms an important part of the subject; and the official Examiner, Colonel Sir Frank Bolton, has been aided by the engineers of the different Water Companies with the means of illustrating this in a most attractive and effective manner. Besides the Health Exhibition, there is a separate division, consisting of school fittings and apparatus, and means of technical instruction in sciences and handicrafts, with model nurseries, gymnastic appliances, and other matters pertaining either to bodily or mental training of youth. We trust that all these departments will be carefully examined and thoughtfully studied by hundreds of thousands of visitors, and that they will learn much of the ways to preserve that summary of earthly blessings, "a sound mind in a sound body," and to help in extending the knowledge and practice to the poorest classes of our people.

The Illustrations which appear this week on our front page represent a more picturesque feature of the Exhibition; namely, a reproduction of typical buildings of "London in the olden times," modelled from authentic pictures, engravings, or drawings. They are constructed of timber, and plastered, in exact imitation of their prototypes, except that they are slightly, though proportionately, reduced in size. The houses are so grouped as to form a thoroughfare of the normal width of an old London street. The dates of the various buildings are as various as their size and appearance, the object being to show a sample of what the City of London was prior to the Great Fire of 1666, but it is not intended as the representation of any particular street of Old London, which would be impossible, as the originals of the houses copied did not stand adjacent to each other. This street of old houses is entered from opposite the Prince of Wales's Pavilion, in the Central Avenue of the Exhibition, through a reproduction in wood and plaster of one of the old City gates—Bishopsgate—slightly reduced in proportion, flanked by the old City wall. The plaster-work is painted to represent the masonry of the walls; even the Roman tiles are shown. The canopied niches and statues are in plaster; these and other portions of the gateway are covered here and there with lichens and weather-stains, which look very natural. Entering the gateway the old houses reproduced on the left-hand side are the Rose Inn, Fenchurch-street; the Cock Tavern, Leadenhall-street; the Three Squirrels, Fleet-street (now Messrs. Gosling's bank); Izaak Walton's house at the corner of Chancery-lane; and two old houses in Bishopsgate-street. Next stands a typical church tower, which differs only from that of All Hallows Staining in having a larger traceried window. Beyond this church is a portion of the Middle-row which stood in the Strand, just outside Temple Bar, and which, later known as the Butchers'-row, was swept away by the improvement made by Alderman Pickett. Among the other buildings reproduced in the street are the entrance to the Priory of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate; the Fountain Inn, in the Minories; the Hall of the Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity, in Aldersgate-street; the house known as Sir Richard Whittington's Palace, in Hart-street, Crutched-friars; and two houses in Bankside, drawn by Mr. Gwilt before they were removed. The cost of these buildings is defrayed by the City companies. They are erected from drawings made by Mr. C. H. Birch, A.R.I.B.A., late hon. sec. of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, and under his superintendence. Messrs. Campbell, Smith, and Campbell, of 75, Newman-street, have executed the whole of the exterior painting and decorative works, as well as the leaded glazing.

MR. COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

The newly elected Associate of the Royal Academy, Mr. Colin Hunter, is an artist whose works have gained him a substantial reputation, and have often been noticed with approval at the Exhibitions of past years. He was born at Glasgow in July, 1841, and was educated for business employment, but his natural taste and talent led him to devote himself to landscape-painting. He first studied directly from nature, but a few years later went to Paris, and had the advantage of improving his knowledge and skill as an artist in the studio of M. Bonnat, the eminent French painter. He subsequently devoted himself to the production of sea pictures, with boats and figures. Among his best known works are "Trawlers Waiting for Darkness," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1873, and at the Philadelphia and Paris Exhibitions; "Salmon Stake-nets," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874, and purchased by the Government of New South Wales for the Sydney Public Gallery; "Their Only Harvest," exhibited in 1879, and purchased by the Chantrey Bequest Fund; "The Silver of the Sea," in 1880; "Mussel-gatherers in the Gloaming," 1881; "The Island Harvest," 1882; "Waiting for the Homeward-bound," 1882; and "A Pebbled Shore," 1883, which were also exhibited at the Royal Academy. To the Academy Exhibition of this year, Mr. Colin Hunter contributes "The Herring-market at Sea"; a seacoast picture called "As they Roar on the Shore"; "A Summer Twilight"; and "A Fishing Harbour." The first-named of these pictures is the subject of one of our Sketches in this week's publication.

Our Portrait of Mr. Colin Hunter is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

"HAUNTED."

Readers of Wordsworth remember how fondly and faithfully "the White Doe of Rylstone" came back to the desolate mansion and despoiled gardens of the ruined family of the Nortons, and accompanied the sorrowing lady to her brother's grave among the ruins of Bolton Abbey. A sentiment of the same character is expressed by the artist in this picture, where several noble creatures of that kind, with the accompanying fawns, have assembled beneath the window of a deserted mansion, perhaps awaiting in vain the morning dole of bread that used to be given to them, day by day, at the hand of a kind mistress who loved them, but is now gone far away. The old house, which has evidently long been vacated and utterly neglected, so that nobody cares even to close its doors, has the reputation of being "haunted"; and there may be some tragical story of the fate of its former inhabitants, which would add considerably, if it were told and believed, to the mysterious awe that its forlorn condition is apt to inspire

'Tis done; despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown;
The walks and pools neglect hath sown
With weeds, the bowers are overthrown,
Or have given way to slow mutation,
While, in their ancient habitation,
The Nortons' name is now unknown.
The lordly mansion of its pride
Is stripped, the ravage has spread wide
Through park and field, a perishing
That mocks the gladness of the spring;

But here are the deer, straying in the garden, at the open door and window of the forsaken house,

As free as others of the kind
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range, unrestricted as the wind,
Through park or chace or savage wood.

We should not wonder if there were a White Doe in the herd, following at a short distance behind, and destined to meet the ghost of the Lady.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

After several years of continued effort to get the better of an impaired position, the directors of the Oriental Bank have closed their doors. They have done this, not from a sudden outburst of distrust amongst their customers, but as the result of a conviction that to stop business was the best way to secure the interests of all their constituents. The capital is £1,500,000 in fully-paid shares of £25, but the holders are liable to be called upon for a further £25 per share. This consideration is telling very severely on the market value of the shares, and if business is done at all in them it is on the basis of the seller giving so much a share to the buyer to take his place under the liquidation. But it must not be overlooked that such a transfer of liability would not be accepted by the liquidators. The transfer books are closed by the fact of failure, and if shares are sold the seller would still be liable for all calls, he in his turn having to get himself reimbursed from the buyer. It is easy to see, therefore, that several contingencies might leave the seller with all the risk, while there would sure to be many to claim whatever surplus might hereafter be divided. A man's heirs are not liable for his responsibilities, but his assets are theirs. It is probably better for the holders to keep as they are. The company's affairs have so long been known that it is unlikely any damaging conditions remain to be disclosed, while the stoppage of the bank is not likely to result in important failures, so much has such a contingency been kept in view of late. The idea of starting a new bank to take over the good business of the old company is not likely to be carried out. Good customers immediately get admission elsewhere, and in the present state of Eastern trade inferior connections are not worth having. The depositors of the bank need be under no alarm. They are apparently sure to get payment in full, and any bank will advance freely in respect of balances with the failed bank. The Ceylon Company (an offshoot of the Bank) stops also.

Substantially, the Powers concerned in Egyptian financial affairs have to meet two questions—namely, how to provide for the necessary new loan of about £8,000,000, and how to restore the balance between revenue and expenditure. The revenues assigned to the service of the debt show each year a very large surplus, and it is presumed that if current expenditure is kept down to such limits as the British Government approves, and the sinking fund is suspended more or less entirely, the new loan would be secured. But Lord Granville points out clearly that much of the present difficulty is due to the enterprises undertaken in the Soudan by the Khedive himself. We are, therefore, led to infer that up to the present time the Khedive does not wholly submit to the guidance of the British representatives. It is no less clear that while this independence is exercised no financial improvement can be relied on, and it seems to be time for the bondholders to require some sort of undertaking that the British Government will make up its mind to exercise the further degree of control necessary to secure the equilibrium which the bondholders have on several occasions been assured was at last to be attained.

According to a telegram from St. Petersburg, the new Russian 5 per cent Gold Loan of fifteen millions sterling has been covered fifteen times, the subscriptions in Russia having, it is stated, amounted to £73,727,200, in Amsterdam to £9,005,400, and in Berlin to £173,255,000. A notice has also been issued by the Secretary of State for India to the effect that the whole of the £5,000,000 3½ per cent debentures offered to the holders of the 4 per cents due in August has been taken.

T. S.

Lord Egmont has accepted the presidency of the North West Bucks Agricultural Association for the present year.

Her Majesty has conferred the dignity of the Order of the Garter upon the Earl of Derby.

The Duke of Westminster has consented to become patron of the next Wrexham Musical Festival, and her Grace the Duchess patroness.

Another edition is announced of Mr. Edwin Streeter's exhaustive work on "Precious Stones and Gems," giving their history and distinguishing characteristics. This edition, the fourth, has been rigidly revised and partly re-written.

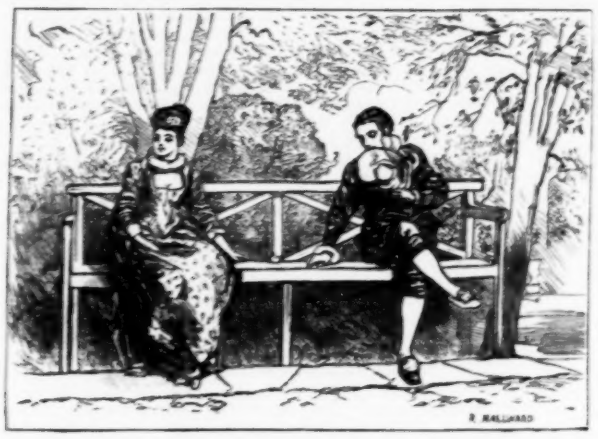
ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

SECOND NOTICE.

We rejoice to find that instalments at least of some of the reforms which we have been urging on the Royal Academicians for many years are from time to time accorded. At the banquet at Burlington House on Saturday last, after the usual flow on all sides of buttery—or, as a contemporary styled them, oleomargerine—compliments, the President announced that additional space (long promised) will be available for next year's exhibition. Two new rooms on the west of the present galleries will be provided for water colours and works in black and white. A new room on the east will be appropriated to architecture, and the two present galleries thus to be vacated will receive oil paintings. Sir Frederick Leighton also intimated that probably more time would be given to the great task of selection—not too soon, surely, seeing that it has been calculated that the works submitted for selection must be passed before the Council at the rate of about three per minute. The increased space will, no doubt, prove a boon to "outsiders," but not, we fear, to the extent that may be imagined. The real pressure on the Academy does not come from water-colour painters, who long ago sought homes elsewhere, and now are amply provided for; nor from architects and draughtsmen, as will be inferred by any reasonable person from the present show; but from oil painters, whose works are rejected by the thousand. We can assure Sir Frederick that the proportion of rejections to the, as he says, ever-increasing number of oil paintings annually sent in (further augmented, as they will be, now that increased accommodation is promised) will not be very sensibly reduced by the number of the pictures that can be accommodated in the present small galleries, Nos. IX. and X., and still a vast proportion of the works of outsiders will be placed where they cannot be fairly seen, so long as the Academicians and Associates retain the right they claim to the best places, irrespective of the merit or size of their works. No; what is wanted for our chief annual art display to be truly national is accommodation such as the French Government long since provided for the Paris Salon, together with some such impartial organisation and *reglement*. A reform as urgent as that of increasing the space is the reduction of the number of works by any artist, whether within or without the pale, that shall be placed. Vast as is the space of the Paris Salon, no artist, native or foreign, however great, whether "hors concours," "exempt," or otherwise, is permitted to occupy more than two places. If the same rule had obtained this year at Burlington House, the whole number of works would be reduced by the number in the two first galleries—that is to say, oil pictures excluded "for want of space," or rejected, might have been hung sufficient to fill these two galleries. It has long been understood that the more liberal of the Academicians are (as was their last President) in favour of limiting to four the number of works possible for any single artist to exhibit; and yet this really highly conservative reform is probably farther off than ever now that some additional space is to be provided.

THE HERRING MARKET AT SEA.—COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

MR. COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



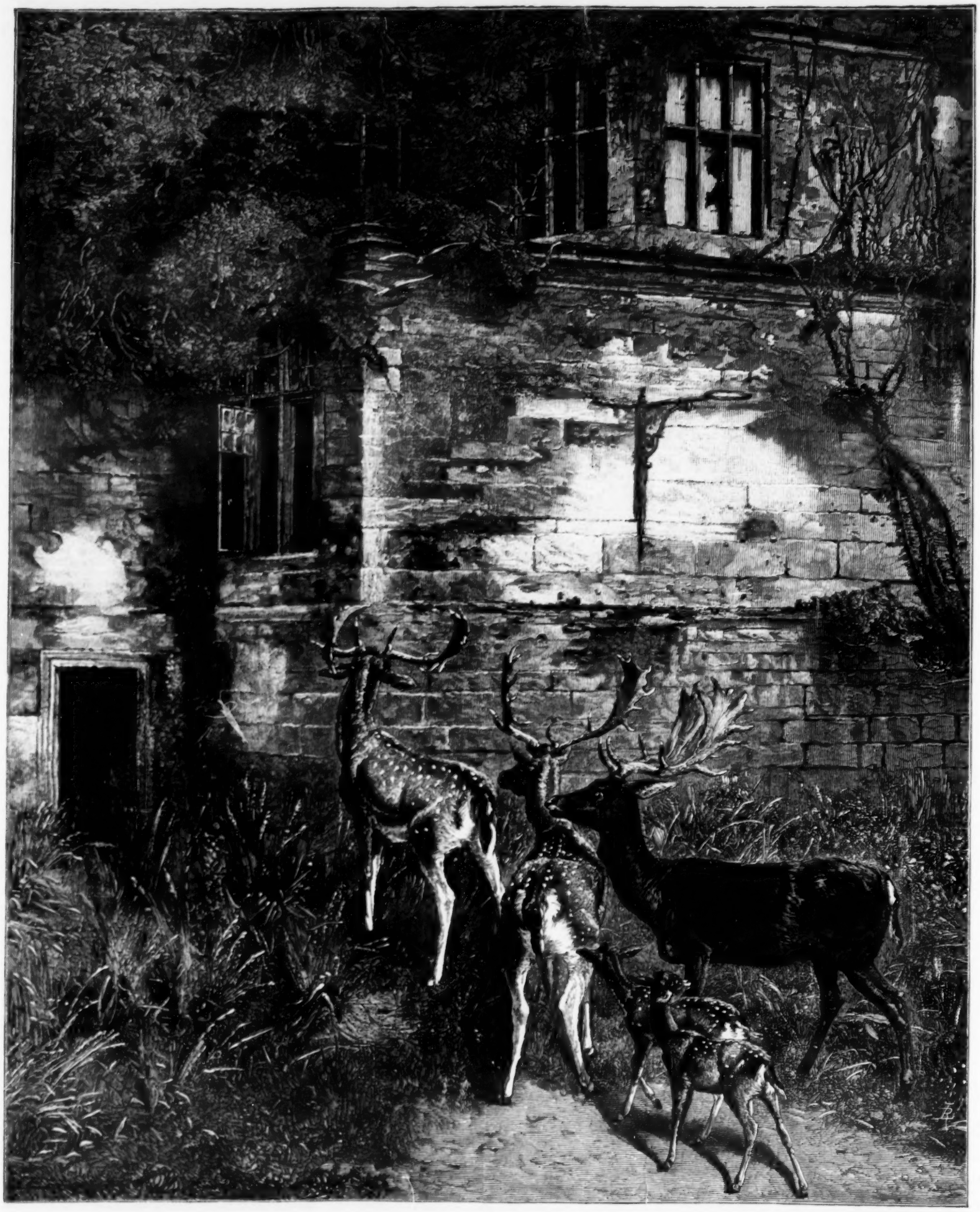
THE SHY LOVER.—G. A. STORY, A.R.A.

"THE PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARD PLODS HIS WEARY WAY."—B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.

THE ANGLER'S REST.—H. S. MARKS, R.A.

A FIELD HANDMAIDEN IN BRABANT.—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.—BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.



HAUNTED.—BY S. E. WALLER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN MR. MENDOZA'S GALLERY, KING-STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

The reader is aware that the Academicians have voted themselves the right each to occupy eight of the best places for works of whatever size. How this prescriptive right operates in the present, as in all preceding exhibitions, is but too evident. Of course all the worst pictures and most of the indifferent ones at Burlington House are sent in batches of four, five, and six by R.A.'s in their decrepitude—for full Academic honours often come late in life. As to the dimensions of some of their works—look at that portentous picture of nearly life-size cattle occupying about 130 ft. of wall in Gallery II., by Sidney Cooper, who for nearly forty years has enjoyed his monopoly of space at the Royal Academy, all the while manufacturing cattle-pieces of the same type; and, though he is now over eighty, the cattle in earlier works were not much less wooden, ill-drawn, and devoid of texture. Dealers still advise their country customers that their collection is not complete without a Sidney Cooper. The public generally, however, has learnt from Troyon, Van Marke, and a score of foreigners, and even from Messrs. Davis and Peter Graham, that a cattle-piece may be a work of art. But Mr. Cooper has yet another large picture scarcely better, and two others besides! As regards, however, the number of works by a given artist, Mr. Holl is the only one this year—Academician, Associate, or outsider—who claims space for the full complement of eight works, excepting Mr. Poynter—four of the contributions of the latter being, however, medals in one small case. These portraits (which we shall review later) must occupy over 30 feet of "the line." With two or three exceptions, their subjects can hardly be of very great public interest; and though none will deny the artist's high merit, his method is invariably the same; if, therefore, you see one you may almost be said to see all. But, be it remembered, that the same space, or much more, might have been occupied by some other R.A. So much by way of protest and caution, let us now proceed with detailed criticism.

We hardly did justice in our first notice to the picture of

the dressmaker's workshop, with the girls taking their "Afternoon Coffee" (721), by Van Haanen, the strongest of the band of painters of various nationalities who have made Venice their centre. Like all painting of really fine quality, this grows in our admiration with acquaintance, and we now feel that in some respects it even surpasses the "Pearl Stringers" of two years back. The apparently happy accident of the composition, the force of the foreground painting, the graduation of that force through the retiring groups, and the finesse reached in the hindmost figures, in the cross-light of a back window, are quite masterly. But still more remarkable, indeed unique in the exhibition, is the superb richness of the widely variegated colouring, with just sufficient negative and connecting hues to bring the whole into perfect harmony. The colouring has also a certain inner Titianesque glow, though apparently attained at once, or by simple means, not by successive glazings and scumblings such as Titian must have had—and is recorded to have had—recourse to, though we are ignorant of his exact procedure. E. de Blaas, a follower of Van Haanen, makes the nearest approach to the young master: his colouring has something of the same mellowness, and he is faithful to Venetian character—see, "After Church" (423) and the humorous picture called "Secrets" (839) a girl pretending to whisper a confidence in her companion's ear, while a young fellow, smiling, conscious of the joke, pretends to turn his head discreetly aside. F. Ruben is an able Italian painter, also of the Venice set, represented by "At the Foot of the Rialto" (7). Two of our own Associates have joined the same gathering, Mr. Woods and his relative, Mr. Fildes; the former has long resided much at Venice, the latter has spent recent winters there. Mr. Fildes has taken a new departure as a Venetian beauty painter, and an imitator of the colourists at Venice, a double transformation which his best friends may regret. However, his two large pictures are very taking and brilliant, though hardly free from "traces of that thirst to dazzle by dexterity," which the President very justly said at the banquet is "too often shown by the young English school." One represents, about life-size, a "Venetian Flower Girl" (747), standing amidst her floral stock; the other—called "Venetian Life" (390)—girls, including one with the inevitable *biondo* hair, and a young mother sewing, or preparing to sew, with a crome combing the hair of another girl (a frequent sight at outer doors throughout Italy) in the canal entrance of an old palazzo, now let in tenements to these poor people. The artist is scarcely true to Venetian types. Never was such a flower-girl as this seen at Venice, with face so waxen pretty, and ivory arm devoid of bone and muscle. Most of the figures are distinctly artificial—thereby recalling, for *les extrêmes se touchent*, certain false notes in the sensationalism of "The Casuals" and the sentimentality of later works. Nor has Mr. Fildes yet assimilated the teaching of the best painters now at Venice. He has caught the trick of opposing the complementaries—vermilion against emerald green, yellow against purple, and so on; but the bright local colours are stainy, and do duty too far; their modulation through half-tint and shadow—the secret of truly artistic colour—he has yet to learn. There are scarves and gowns of pale green and other tints which neither Italy nor Manchester ever supplied. It is instructive to compare this colouring with that of Van Haanen, close by; the difference is of the kind that exists between an English carpet stained with aniline dyes and an Oriental rug decorated only by natural colours, yet which chemistry cannot rival. Mr. Woods might now almost be mistaken for one of the many clever Italian painters, such as Santoro, who were mostly followers of Fortuny, but have modified their exaggerations at Venice. He is brighter but harder than before; everything seems rather too brand new, and too vivid even for Venice. His best picture—unjustly thrust like others into a corner—is "Il Mio Traghetto" (386), one of the little passages to the gondolas, nearly opposite La Salute. With the slight qualifications we have made, this is a very animated and effective picture, with careful excellent workmanship throughout. The reflections in the water are singularly well observed.

We would here step aside into the sculpture room to shortly notice the "Icarus" (1855) and "Study of a Head" (1699), both in bronze, by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, which will excite great admiration, and provoke much discussion. The statuette, with the great wings bound to the arms, finely expresses, in the bowed head and lax figure, the hopeless but submissive devotion of the doomed Icarus. The head is, if we remember rightly, a reduction of the bronze of last year, which we so greatly admired. The attitude of the figure seems to recall the Perseus of Cellini, though the very slender forms are those of early youth, and there is a further resemblance in the largeness of the feet, which here are proportionately still larger, and certainly too large for the small head. Nor does the apparently semi-ideal treatment of the head accord with that of the body, legs, and extremities, the latter being an ultra realistic rendering of ill-selected and—as regards at least the feet—ignoble nature. Nevertheless, the skill and truth of the imitation are astonishing. But still more extraordinary is the "Study of a Head," with its thousand wrinkles and markings of age. It is difficult to believe this is not a cast from life; nothing closer to nature have we seen—nothing so wonderful in its way. If Mr. Gilbert's rare faculty of imitation admits of full artistic development, there will be no greater sculptor in our time. Mr. Birch's "Lady Godiva," Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "The Mower," Mr. Lawson's "Retiarius," and other remarkable sculptures will receive attention in a future article.—T. J. G.

At a general meeting of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, held on Monday Mr. Frank Dadd, Mr. C. Napier Hemy, and Mr. H. R. Steer were elected members.

In accordance with the terms of the Chantrey bequest, the selection of works to be purchased by the Royal Academy, for retention by that body, has been made from among the works exhibited this year. They are the pictures of Mr. Pettie, R.A., Mr. Seymour Lucas, and Mr. David Murray.

Our Portrait of the late Sir Michael Costa is from a photograph by Mr. J. E. Mayall, of New Bond-street; and that of the late Mr. M. T. Bass, from one by Mr. J. W. Price, of the Babington Studio, Derby. Memoirs of Sir M. Costa and Mr. Bass appeared in our Obituary of last week.

In the notice, last week, of Mr. Alfred Ward's drawing of a beautiful female figure personifying the season of "Spring," the tinted lithograph of which was presented as an Extra Supplement, it was erroneously stated that the artist was a son of the late Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A. Mr. Alfred Ward is in no way related to him.

Messrs. Christie on Tuesday disposed of a splendid copy of Turner's Liber Studiorum, formerly bought at the Turner sale, and containing three unpublished plates. Most of the plates were extra proofs, and all fine impressions. The price obtained was 300 guineas, Messrs. Colnaghi being the purchasers. The wood blocks by Bewick, to illustrate the birds, quadrupeds, &c., fetched £2350, and were bought by Messrs. Ward, of Newcastle. A finely illustrated copy of the "Bibliotheca Angla Poetica" fetched 54 guineas. The total of the day's sale was over £4000.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett's assumption at the Lyceum of the character of Richelieu, in Lord Lytton's highly artificial but stirring play, would not appear to have found the general acceptance which its certainly conspicuous merits should have secured for it. On the evening when I went to the Lyceum to see "Richelieu; or, The Conspiracy," the audience was sufficiently enthusiastic but not very numerous. The languor of playgoers in supporting by their presence a really admirable artist may be in some measure due to the period of the theatrical season—or rather, of the particular season at the Lyceum—at which he has come among us. The interval between the temporary departure of Miss Mary Anderson and the anxiously-expected return of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry was scarcely the most favourable time for Mr. Lawrence Barrett to make his most praiseworthy effort to win popularity in our midst; and I cannot help thinking that he would have done better at some other theatre than at the one of which the patrons, spell-bound by the fascinations of *La Belle Américaine*, are perhaps reserving themselves for a grander and more exciting sensation still, the home-coming of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry. With regard to the conflicting criticisms on the qualities of his Richelieu which Mr. Barrett has had to meditate, the tragedian, I should say, has no need to "fash" himself about such matters. When the day comes of a perfectly unanimous consensus of opinion among the critics of art, of letters, and of the drama, an intellectual millennium will have arrived and newspaper criticisms will not be worth reading at all. In 1839, when "Richelieu" was first produced, there were critics who pronounced the play to be rubbish, and even Macready's acting in the part of the hero to be clever but ineffective; while, on the other hand, there were those who lauded Sir Edward Bulwer's production to the skies, and declared that Macready, as the wily Cardinal, had surpassed himself. In those days the leading authorities on dramatic criticism were the *Examiner* and the *Spectator*. In the first-named Journal the play of "Richelieu" was characterised as "the dramatic masterpiece of the author"; and of Macready's performance the critic (Mr. John Forster, I should say, an intimate friend of the author and the actor) observed: "We find it difficult to speak of it in terms of adequate praise and yet appear neither exaggerated nor overstretched"; but in the *Spectator* it was roundly said that in "Richelieu" the triumph of the dramatist had come to an end; that his vaulting ambition had o'erleaped itself; and that "he had aimed at the dignity of history by inflated speeches 'horribly stuffed with epithets of school' and at the elevation of lofty sentiments by bombastic commonplaces; while he luxuriates in farcical incidents and melodramic situations." Of Macready the *Spectator* remarked that he played Richelieu with consummate skill and tact, and with his usual force and discrimination; "but even he produced no great effect, so devoid of interest is the character." It must have been some six years afterwards, that night after night, I used from the "flies" of the old Princess's Theatre to watch Macready acting a round of parts; and to me the effect which his Richelieu produced on the crowded audience—I will say nothing of my own feelings, for I was a raw lad—was electrical. So many men so many minds. To mine, Mr. Lawrence Barrett's Richelieu is splendidly sufficing. He does not give a tumultuous and Boanerges-lunged version of the character. He does not rant; but when the occasion demands it, as in the famous "Curse of Rome" passage, he rises to the required height of passionate energy. He displays from beginning to end wonderful versatility and elasticity of mind, passing from phase to phase of the many-sided character without any sudden jerks or spasmodic transitions. He is alternately, and always in perfect naturalness, the inflexible, unscrupulous, and implacable despot of France, whose ambition has decimated her nobility, but whose politic and beneficent administration has raised her from beggary to prosperity; the affectionate protector of Julie; the kindly patron of Friar Joseph; the dry humourist; the astute expert in diplomacy and statecraft; the poetaster full of literary vanity; the broken-down and almost dying valetudinarian, and ultimately the lion at bay, turning on his foes and triumphantly rending them. I cannot look on Mr. Lawrence Barrett's impersonation of Richelieu as a "conventional" one; because I do not know what the convention is in this case. I have seen Richelieus who roared and Richelieus who raved, some that grimaced and grinned, and others that maundered, and not a few that were dismally didactic. I find in Mr. Lawrence Barrett a Richelieu who shrinks from exaggeration, whose elocution is perfect, whose action is poetically graceful, and who never forgets that Armand Jean du Plessis—why on earth did Lord Lytton make him call himself "Armand Richelieu"?—was a gentleman of long descent and of the highest breeding. Among the company who supported Mr. Lawrence Barrett, Mr. James Fernandez must be especially commended for his excellent interpretation of Baradas. Not less satisfactory was the Friar Joseph of Mr. F. W. Irish. Miss Marie Wainwright made a graceful and pathetic Julie de Mortemar, who is called in the programme "de Mortimer." What's in a name? Miss Marie Wainwright is very sweet.

That it is possible to have too much, and a great deal too much, of a good thing has been once more, and under very disquieting circumstances, proved at the Haymarket, when on Saturday, May 3, was produced to a house crowded to the ceiling the long-expected revival of "The Rivals." In the mounting and stage management of Sheridan's famous comedy the Bancroft management have achieved a distinct triumph. The splendour of the dresses designed by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, the picturesqueness and quaintness of the scenery, "painted from researches made in Bath and the British Museum," the careful study of eighteenth-century archæology in the minutest of the accessories proper to the play or interpolated therein, are all deserving of the very hightest praise; but "The Rivals," as a whole, seems to have afforded only a very limited amount of satisfaction even to the most ardent admirers of the Bancroft *régime*. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft had made frank announcement that in submitting "The Rivals" to public opinion they were actuated by the same desire which guided their revival of "The School for Scandal"—a desire to heighten the effect of the author's play without encumbering his action; and that, while strictly preserving the text, it had been found possible, by means of a few transpositions in the dialogue and some variation of locality, to avoid shifting the scenes in the view of the audience. For these "arrangements" Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero avowed their joint responsibility. Unfortunately, the event has proved that the effect of the author's play has *not* been heightened, and that its action *has* been encumbered, first, by an intolerable accumulation of unnecessary dumb-show and "properties" foreign to Sheridan's comedy, and, next, by "transpositions of dialogue" and "variations of locality," the results of which have been the obscuring of the plot and the jumbling up in inextricable confusion of the scenes of a normally lucid and coherent work. The scene-painter, the carpenter, the property man, the ballet-master, the costumier, the fiddler, and the "super" were on Saturday, May 2, everywhere behind the footlights at the Haymarket; while Richard Brinsley Sheridan was, comparatively speaking, nowhere. At the end of the first act, with its wonderfully realistic picture of Old Bath, the audience were asking when the play of "The Rivals" would begin. The whole piece, save when Mrs. Stirling, as Mrs. Malaprop, and Mr. Lionel Brough, as Bob Acres, were on the stage, dragged piteously; and, on the whole, "The Rivals," "revised and settled" by Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero, was a most dreary performance. Of course, Mrs. Stirling was an admirable Mrs. Malaprop; but she had been quite as admirable in the part during the long and successful run of "The Rivals," without sensational accessories, at the Vaudeville. Mr. Lionel Brough seemed to me to be somewhat disposed to rein in the fiery steeds of his frolicsome humour. I would that he had thrown the reins on the backs of his steeds altogether, and been as farcically funny as ever he could be. At all events, he would have made the audience more frequently merry. As it was, throughout the major part of the performance they seemed disposed rather to cry than to laugh. Mr. Bancroft as that bore of bores, Faulkland, was very good; but why did the usually tasteful Mr. Forbes-Robertson, by inciting Faulkland to wear in the Tea-room scene a white coat and inexpressibles and black stockings and gloves, cause the inoffensive Mr. Bancroft to assume the similitude of a Solemn Guy? For Mawworm in "The Hypocrite" this *outré* costume might have passed muster. For Faulkland it was an outrage. Mr. Pinero made Sir Anthony Absolute an acidulated, attenuated, crabbed, wiry-voiced old hunks, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, albeit most chivalrous and refined as Captain Absolute, utterly failed to show the dare-devil side of the Captain's character. He was never "Jack" Absolute. Mr. Brookfield as David had been so successful in mastering the recondite diction and pronunciation of some provincial dialect, known, I should say, only to himself and to Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, that when he came to speech he was mainly unintelligible; while Mr. Alfred Bishop was quite the Irish gentleman, but a "deadly lively" one, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. The ladies were more satisfactory. Pretty Miss Calhoun was very gentle and winning as Lydia Languish; and she and Mr. Forbes-Robertson were by far the best dancers in an unequally executed gavotte which had nothing to do with the play, which did not heighten its effect, and which seriously encumbered its action. As Julia Melville, that charming actress Mrs. Bernard Beere looked superb; but the part of Julia, although it contains a few emotional outbursts, is not sufficiently abundant in those tragically passionate passages of which Mrs. Bernard Beere is so magnificent an exponent. For this lady's capacity to be seen at its fullest it is necessary that she should either wish to commit suicide or to kill somebody else. Faulkland is certainly so incorrigible a bore that Julia would be, to a certain extent, justified in imitating the rash act of the "unfortunate Miss Bailey"; but then the action of the play demands that she should make it up with the bore and, eventually, marry him. I suppose that "The Rivals" will have a run at the Haymarket, but I should scarcely think that it will be a very long one.

The entertainments at the Court Theatre have also experienced a notable change. Mr. W. S. Gilbert's play of "Dan'l Druce" (with Miss Fortescue as the demure heroine) gave way on May 1 to a fresh adaptation by Mr. Dion Boucicault the Younger of the tragic French piece of "Un Duel Sous Richelieu." In accordance with his habit of late, Mr. John Clayton, in assuming the dignified rôle of the Duc de Chevreuse, plays with quiet ease till the last act, when he gives telling expression to his sterling dramatic power. The Duke has espoused an attractive beauty in Marie de Monbazon, whose heart is given, however, to the gallant Comte de Chalais. This favoured lover secures the favour of the King later, and is in a position to obtain the release from prison of the Duc. The ardent young Count, furthermore, hearing the name of Marie lightly spoken of by a certain Abbé de Gondi, challenges him. But, the Count being detained, the Duk takes his place at the commencement of the duel, leaving Renée to finish his account with the Abbé. On his return home, the Duc de Chevreuse finds a letter the Comte had written to be given to the Duchess in case he should be slain. This letter fills the Duk with jealousy, and causes him to shoot the Comte on his arrival—an act quickly followed by remorse when he receives from the lips of the dying man proofs of his wife's innocence. The strong situations in "Devotion" afford opportunities for effective acting, of which Miss Ada Cavendish as Marie, Mr. John Clayton as the Duk, and Mr. H. B. Conway as the Count are quick to take advantage. The young adapter acquits himself well as the Abbé. The most diverting afterpiece of "My Milliner's Bill" is judiciously retained, the wit and humour of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Cecil being as welcome as ever.

The little Novelty, in Great Queen-street, has a remarkably attractive programme in the irresistibly funny and laughter-provoking farcical comedy of "Nita's First," by Mr. T. G. Warren; and Mr. Horace Lennard's light extravaganza, "Lalla Rookh," to which Mr. P. Bucalossi furnishes the musical accompaniment. I should imagine the myriad admirers of Miss Kate Vaughan would consider her a thing of beauty and a joy for ever after her exceedingly graceful dance as Lalla Rookh. Whilst this fascinating lady is the centre of attraction, there are hosts of brilliantly-apparelled girls marshalled with skill on the small stage, Miss Minnie and Miss Dot Mario being among the smartest. Spiced with these essentials for the Masher type, "Lalla Rookh" is also brightened by some graceful lyrics, and abounds in the habitual references to the topics of the day, the hits losing none of their point as delivered by Mr. H. Nicholls and Mr. W. H. Denny. The grotesque step-dancing of Mr. Storey adds vivacity to "Lalla Rookh," in the handsome mounting of which Mr. Augustus Harris has had a hand, as well as his clever sister, Miss Nelly Harris, Directress of the Novelty.

In comic opera really good comedians are not so plentiful that the appearance of Mr. Fred. Leslie as the Munchausen-like General Ollendorf in "The Beggar Student" can be dismissed without notice. Fresh from playing the same part for many nights in New York, Mr. Leslie infuses many novel and quaint touches into this grotesque rôle at the Alhambra, which now has to encounter a formidable rival in the sumptuous Empire as a second Spectacular Theatre in Leicester-square.

G. A. S.

A notice of the Magazines for May, National Sports, and other matters of importance, are unavoidably deferred.

At the Harrow School dinner, on Wednesday, June 18, the chair will be taken by the Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Treasury has granted £500 to the Fisheries Board of Scotland for the purpose of scientific investigation.

The Marquis of Lorne has written a paper on Miss Rye's Girls' Homes for the June number of the *Girls' Own Paper*.

On Monday the fourth exhibition held in connection with the furniture trades at the Agricultural Hall was opened.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steam-ship Belgravia, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in March last.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Madame Marie Durand made her second appearance this season on Thursday week as Margherita, in "Faust." Her performance, especially in the more impassioned scenes, was of an equally high order with that of the title-character in "Gioconda" on the opening night, as already recorded. The music of Siebel was very expressively sung by Mdlle. Tremelli; Signor De Reszké was an excellent Mefistofele, M. Devoyod an impressive Valentino, and Signor Marconi again appeared as Faust; the subordinate part of Marta having been will filled by Mdlle. Devigues.

On Saturday "Les Huguenots" was performed, and the occasion brought back Madame Pauline Lucca, who, as Valentina, sang and acted with grand effect. It was, indeed, a splendid display of vocal and histrionic art. Mdlle. Leria made a successful first appearance here as Margherita di Valois, having sung the florid music of the part with bright fluency, if without much power. Mdlle. Tremelli as Urbano, Signor Mierzwinski as Raoul, and Signor De Reszké as San Bris contributed largely to the general effect. As Di Nevers, M. Devoyod replaced Signor Cotogni, owing to the absence of this gentleman in consequence of an accident, from which it is hoped he will speedily recover. On Tuesday Madame Lucca appeared as Leonora in "Il Trovatore," and created as powerful an impression as on the previous occasion just referred to. Madame Tremelli as Azucena and Signor Mierzwinski as Manrico repeated fine performances that have before been commented on. The character of the Count was sustained by Herr Gottschalk, who possesses a fine baritone voice, but scarcely gave the full effect to his music. M. Dupont conducted the performance of "Faust," Signor Bevignani having been the conductor on Saturday and Tuesday.

Madame Albani was announced to appear this (Saturday) evening and Madame Sembrich on Tuesday.

The brief season (four weeks) of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Drury Lane Theatre will close this (Saturday) evening. There has been nothing to call for comment since the production of Mr. C. V. Stanford's opera, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," noticed by us last week.

Señor Sarasate's concert at St. James's Hall—the first of four—briefly adverted to last week—was on a grand scale, a fine orchestra, including many of our best instrumentalists, having been assembled under the conductorship of Mr. W. G. Cusins. The programme included Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, a Fantasia by Glinka on Russian airs, and Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont." Señor Sarasate played, with brilliant execution, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with orchestral accompaniments, a caprice by Guiraud, and two short solos with pianoforte accompaniment. The second concert takes place this (Saturday) afternoon.

Mr. Farmer's fairy opera, "Cinderella," was performed as a concert recital at St. James's Hall on Friday week, with a full orchestra and chorus, and Misses M. Davies, C. Samuell, M. Mackenzie, and A. Ehrenberg, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. H. Pyatt, and Mr. M. Tufnail, as solo vocalists. Mr. Farmer conducted, and Mr. P. Beck recited the dialogue. The work being quaintly entitled "A Little Opera for Big Children; or, A Big Opera for Little Children," it is, as may be supposed, of an unambitious kind. The words were written by the late H. S. Leigh, who has laid out the book in four scenes, or acts, well suited for musical purposes. Mr. Farmer's music is throughout flowing and melodious, and several numbers pleased so much as to be encored.

The third Richter concert of the new series took place at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, when Brahms's "Gesang der Parzen" was performed, for the first time in England. It is a setting—for six-part chorus and orchestra—of the "Song of the Fates," Goethe's "Iphigenia in Tauris." The music is appropriately stern and sombre in tone, this characteristic not being felt as oppressive in a piece of moderate length. M. Jules de Smert played a violoncello concerto, of his own composition, with great executive skill.

The Philharmonic Society gave the last concert but one of the seventy-second season during the week. Of the performances we must speak next week.

Dr. Hans von Bülow's second pianoforte recital took place on Tuesday afternoon at St. James's Hall.

Mr. Gabriel Thorp gave a concert on Tuesday evening at Steinway Hall, under distinguished patronage.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss M. Gyde gave a pianoforte recital at Steinway Hall; and Mr. Charles Wade (vocalist) held his concert at the Prince's Hall. On Thursday afternoon Signor Scuderi (violinist) gave a concert at St. James's Hall.

Mr. Charles Hallé's excellent "Chamber Music Concerts" opened a new series at the Prince's Hall yesterday (Friday) afternoon.—At the same time Madame Essipoff gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall.

The Paddington Choral Association gave a performance of Mr. Cowen's sacred cantata, "St. Ursula"—in addition to a miscellaneous selection—at the Prince's Hall, on Thursday.

The past season of the Sacred Harmonic Society was supplemented by a conversazione at the Prince's Hall yesterday (Friday) evening. Vocal and instrumental music formed portions of the proceedings.

A concert, under the immediate patronage of the Princess of Wales, will be given next Wednesday afternoon at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in aid of the restoration fund of St. John's Church, Waterloo Bridge-road. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Oswald Jephson, 91, Queen's-gate, S.W.; of Messrs. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; or of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

Dr. Theodore Williams gave the annual oration of the Medical Society of London on Monday evening, at a conversazione given on the premises of the society in Chandos-street, Cavendish-square. Dr. Arthur Durham, the president, occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance.

Sir F. Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, presided over the annual banquet, which was held last Saturday evening at Burlington House. The toast of the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces, was responded to by the Duke of Cambridge and Sir Astley Cooper Key, First Naval Lord of the Admiralty, Earl Granville replied on behalf of her Majesty's Ministers; the toast of "Science and Literature," proposed by the President, was acknowledged by Sir Joseph Lister and Archdeacon Farrar; the Lord Mayor replied for the Corporation; and the Archbishop of Canterbury for the visitors, his Grace proposing, in return, the health of the chairman. The President announced that before next year's exhibition the gallery will be so far enlarged that all the existing rooms will be devoted to oil paintings, and new rooms will be provided for water colours, engravings and etchings, and architectural designs. The larger number of works of art which the Council would be able to admit would require that all applications for admission should be received earlier than heretofore. The additional space gained would also be favourable to the development of their schools.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 6.

The painters have had the honours of the week: they have monopolised the newspapers, they have monopolised conversation, they have monopolised the whole town. Formerly, varnishing-day was a sort of family fête for the painters, the critics, and all those interested in the arts, whom our grandfathers used to call connoisseurs. There was, too, a sprinkling of ladies, who took advantage of the select company to exhibit "the newest and sweetest things" in summer toilets. Then, after a glance at the pictures, this choice company repaired to Ledoyen's, the famous restaurant in the Champs Elysées, and there, under the trees and before plates of salmon and green sauce, the Salon of the year was judged, and annotated, and ridiculed; and Machin, the unknown author of this or that striking picture, became famous before the lunchers reached their *demi-tasse* and cigarette. Last Wednesday, the varnishing-day of the Salon of 1884, some 40,000 persons passed the turnstiles of the Palais de l'Industrie! The privileged public, to use the stereotyped phrase, was no longer a select company; it was an anonymous crowd. Democracy, levelling, equality, everywhere and in everything!

Sunday was a most animated day in Paris. Besides the usual races at Longchamps, it was the first free day at the Salon, and, above all, it was the day of the municipal elections. During the past week the walls of the city, the public monuments, and even the private houses—much to the disgust of the concierges—have been covered with many-coloured posters of dazzling hues recommending the different candidates. On Sunday the voting took place with perfect calmness and good order, and more voters than ever exercised their rights—namely, over 30,000 more than in 1881. This year, out of 420,000 voters there were 116,198 abstentions, and in round numbers the votes were given—133,000 to the Radical Autonomists, 80,000 to the Opportunists, 38,000 to the Socialists, and 34,000 to the Monarchists. Out of the forty-eight counsellors elected on Sunday, there are thirty-two Autonomists, eight Opportunists, and eight Reactionaries. Out of the thirty-two ballotages that will take place next Sunday, twenty-two remain in favour of the Autonomists, nine in favour of the Opportunists, and one of the Reactionaries. The result of the elections means that Paris does not approve of the present Opportunist Ministry, and that the new municipal council will be far more revolutionary than the preceding one, and that the party of the pretended rights of Paris, of the Central *mairie*; in short, of the Commune of Paris, triumph completely. As regards the provincial elections, the complete returns have not yet come in. Everywhere, however, it appears that the Monarchists made an effort, and often progress; and that while the Radicals and the Monarchists triumph, the Opportunists are beaten very seriously.

The sceptical Parisians are called upon to occupy themselves with theosophy, the astral man and psychic development. The amiable Duchesse de Pomar, whom we English call Lady Caithness, has placed her saloons at the disposal of the Paris Theosophical Society; Madame Blavatsky, the emissary of the Mahatmas of Thibet, is within our walls; we are promised a French edition of *The Theosophist;* and all this is under the patronage of aristocratic ladies of the noble faubourg. Mysticism is the order of the day, and there is no reason why the Parisian should escape the influence of the mysterious Himalayan brothers.

T. C.

The German Emperor, though able to transact business, receive company, attend the opera, and drive and dine out, is not yet out of the hands of his doctors, who still forbid him to review troops.

The Empress of Austria, accompanied by a small retinue, left Heidelburg on Thursday, May 1, by special train for Amsterdam, where she arrived the following morning, and was received by the Austrian Minister, who had come up from the Hague. She walked in the forenoon to the house of the well-known Dr. Mezger to consult him.—The Crown Prince and Crown Princess arrived in Vienna at noon to-day, both in good health and spirits, after fifteen days' constant travel.—The Empress Maria Anna of Austria died on Sunday in Prague, aged eighty-one. She was aunt of the present Emperor and widow of the Emperor Ferdinand, with whom she reigned from 1836 to 1848. Ever since Ferdinand's abdication she has lived a retired life in Prague, devoting her ample means to the poor and the Church.—The bill for the construction of the Hungarian new Parliament House, a gigantic building on the left bank of the Danube, on the model of that at Westminster, has been adopted by the Lower House. The Opposition vehemently opposed the scheme, saying that Hungary cannot afford to expend fifteen or twenty million florins for the construction of a luxurious palace so long as the Budget shows a deficit. The Reichstag will be dissolved on the 20th inst.—The Budapest General National Exhibition, to be opened in Pesth on May 1 next year, will include an international exhibition of seeds, cattle food, and manuring substances.

The railway between Volo and Larissa was opened on Sunday by the King of Greece. His Majesty was everywhere received with much enthusiasm.

The United States House of Representatives has passed the bill amending certain defects in the Act restricting Chinese immigration.—Forest fires have occurred in the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. A great fire is also raging fiercely in the Pennsylvania coal district. The town of Brishin has been entirely destroyed, and 3000 people have been rendered homeless. Several persons have perished.

The Census report for the Dominion of Canada shows that the number of churches and benevolent and educational institutions in Canada increased very largely in the past decade. The Methodist churches increased from 2325 to 3017; the Catholic, from 1126 to 1485; Presbyterian, from 1063 to 1353; and the Church of England from 944 to 1257. The hospitals and orphanages were more than doubled in the time. As to the occupations of the people, agriculture heads the total by 662,000; the industrial classes come next with 287,796; and those "not classified" are placed at no less than 205,000.—Two large cartridges containing dynamite were, on Wednesday week, discovered under the Crown Lands Office, in Parliament-buildings, Toronto. A search led to the discovery of two similar cartridges under the steps leading to the Speaker's Chamber. Close by were some fuses and wire. The Canadian Government have offered a reward of 1000 dols. for the discovery of the persons who deposited the cartridges.—Owing to ill-health, Sir Charles Tupper has resigned his post as Minister of Railways and Canals, as well as his seat in the Dominion House of Commons, but retains the office of High Commissioner for Canada in London.

At the opening of the Cape Parliament on the 2nd inst. Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor, announced a deficit in the Budget of the colony, and said it was proposed to meet this by an increase of taxation, a revision of the customs' tariff, and an increase in the excise duties on spirits.—Mr. Mackenzie has arrived in Bechuanaland, and has entered upon his duties as British Resident.

THE COURT.

Some particulars of the Royal Wedding between Prince Louis of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Hesse, grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, which took place at Darmstadt on Wednesday, April 30, were given in our last Issue. After returning from the Castle Chapel, at the close of the wedding ceremony, the Queen spent some considerable time in the palace gardens. With her Majesty dined the three young Princesses of Wales, Princess Alice of Hesse, and the Marchioness of Ely. At half-past nine the newly-wedded couple came to take leave of her Majesty before starting for Castle Heiligenberg, the property of the bridegroom's father, where they will pass their honeymoon. At half-past nine, the newly-married couple left, amid a shower of rice and slippers.

On Thursday morning, the 1st inst., the Queen drove to the Mathildenhöhe; and in the afternoon, with her grand-daughters, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen and Princess Irene, to the Rosenhöhe, past the Alice Mausoleum to Kranichstein and other romantic points in the neighbourhood.

The Queen did not drive out on Friday morning. In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove to Jugenheim, which is about ten miles distant from Darmstadt, to visit Prince Louis and his bride; the Grand Duke and his family also went. The Crown Prince of Germany left Darmstadt, and the Crown Princess and family went with him. Her Imperial Highness visited the Queen in the morning to take leave of her Majesty.

Last Saturday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, drove to the Emil Gardens in the morning; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out with Princess Victoria of Wales and Princess Irene of Hesse. The Princess of Wales, with her daughters, the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, also walked there with the Hereditary Grand Duke and the Princess of Hesse. Prince Louis and Princess Victoria of Battenberg came over from Jugenheim and visited her Majesty at the New Palace. Prince Edward of Wales left on his return to Cambridge. The Queen's dinner party consisted of the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princes Henry and Franz Josef of Battenberg. The Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg visited her Majesty.

Divine service was not performed at the New Palace on Sunday, but the members of the Queen's suite attended the English service at the Castle Chapel. Princess Beatrice attended the German service in the chapel in the Schloss, and was accompanied by the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Elizabeth of Hesse. The Queen walked in the Palace grounds in the morning; and in the afternoon her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, the Princess of Wales, and the Grand Ducal party drove in two carriages drawn by four horses to Jugenheim, and remained to tea with Prince Louis and Princess Victoria. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children attended Divine service in the Castle Chapel in the evening.

General Count Lehndorf arrived at Darmstadt on Monday bearing an autograph letter from the Emperor of Germany to the Queen, in which he expresses regret that his meeting with her Majesty has not been possible. Count Lehndorf was also received by the Grand Duke. The newly-wedded couple lunched with her Majesty. The Queen did not drive out in the morning, but in the afternoon her Majesty took a long drive with the Princesses Ella and Irene. The Queen's dinner party consisted of Princesses Beatrice and Elizabeth, with Prince Alexander and the Princes of Battenberg. Her Majesty made a present of money to the poor at Darmstadt.

On Tuesday morning her Majesty again visited Princess Alice's grave, accompanied by Princesses Beatrice and Elizabeth. At luncheon the Queen entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Princess Elizabeth, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, after which her Majesty received the Prince of Bulgaria, Princess Charles, and Prince Henry of Hesse, who came to take leave of her Majesty, and also the Princess of Wales and her three daughters. In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by Princesses Irene and Alix, took a drive round the environs and back by the Darmstadt fair, which is now being held in the market-place. At half-past six o'clock the Prince of Wales took leave of her Majesty, and afterwards left for Berlin, bearing an autograph letter to the German Emperor from Queen Victoria. The Princess of Wales, with her three daughters, left in the afternoon for Gmünden, in Austria, the residence of her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland. The Queen's dinner party consisted of Princess Beatrice, the newly-married couple, Princesses Ella, Irene, and Alix, the Grand Duke, and the Hereditary Grand Duke.

Accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke, and Princess Elizabeth, the Queen left Darmstadt on Tuesday night for London, by special train, at twenty minutes past ten. There were present on the platform the members of the Grand Ducal family, including Princesses Irene and Alix, and the Hereditary Grand Duke, the members of the Household, and Mr. Jocelyn. Her Majesty took an affectionate farewell of the Princes and Princesses. The English colony here was largely represented, and raised loud cheers as the train moved off. The same precautions were observed by the police as on the occasion of her Majesty's arrival. All the arrangements were carried out without a hitch. The Queen repeatedly expressed herself in the most gracious terms respecting her stay at Darmstadt, and especially referred to the wearing of mourning by the population.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contains orders for the Court's going into mourning for the late Dowager Empress of Austria; and next Friday, May 16, to go out of mourning.

About ten thousand ratepayers of Greenwich, representing a large proportion of the whole rateable value, have signed the petition for a charter of incorporation.

The annual spring muster and march of the five regiments constituting the volunteer force of the City of London took place last Saturday.

The Council of the Royal Society have selected fifteen from the sixty-seven candidates for the Fellowship to be recommended for election at the annual meeting on June 12. The names are—Professor G. J. Allman, Professor I. B. Balfour, J. Baxendell, J. Bell, Professor W. N. Hartley, Professor A. S. Herschel, W. H. Hudleston, Professor H. Lamb, Professor J. G. M'Kendrick, Dr. A. Ransome, Professor C. S. Roy, Professor A. W. Rucker, J. J. Thomson, Lieutenant-Colonel Warren, and Professor M. Watson.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held on Thursday week, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £250 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, and to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £1905 were made on life-boat establishments. Among the contributions recently received by the institution were £20 from the Company of Clothworkers; £26 5s. additional from the Stewards of the Covent Garden Life-Boat Fund, and £10 collected on board the s.s. Orient, per Captain Hewison.

1. Front Exhibition Building.
2. Mediæval Castle and Village.
3. Entry to the Concert Hall.
4. Circus for a Popular Festival.
5. Department of Manufactures.
6. Concert Hall.
7. Fine Arts' Exhibition Gallery.
8. Memorials of the Conflict for Italian Independence.
9. Alpine Clubs' Exhibition.
10. Machinery in Motion.
11. International Electrical Exhibition.
12. The River Po. 13. Restaurants.
16. Domestic Animals and Poultry-Breeding.
17. Naval Construction and Equipment.
18. Aquarium.
19. Agricultural Exhibition.
20. Royal Pavilion.
21. Pavilion of Turin Municipality.
22. Pavilion of City of Rome (Temple of Vesta).
23. Railway Engines and Apparatus.

THE ITALIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION AT TURIN.

SIR EVELYN BARING, K.C.S.I.

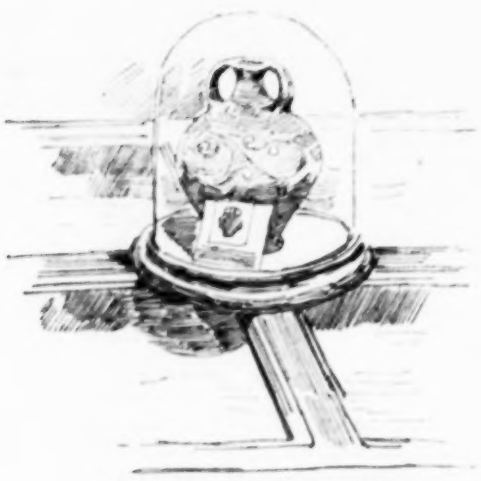
This distinguished member of the public service, formerly in the Indian Government and latterly in the Foreign Office Department, who has been entrusted with the financial and general control of the Egyptian administration, and with the diplomatic representation of her Majesty's Government at Cairo, is now in London, giving his valuable counsel and assistance to Earl Granville and to Mr. Gladstone in their difficult task of settling the affairs of Egypt. He was born in 1841, being a younger son of the late Mr. Henry Baring, and a grandson of Sir Francis Baring, the first Baronet, the common ancestor of Lord Ashburton and the Earl of Northbrook. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1858, became Captain in 1870, and Major in 1876. He was aide-de-camp to the late General Sir Henry Storks, High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands in 1861, and Secretary to him in 1865, on the inquiry concerning the negro outbreak in Jamaica. From 1872 to 1876, he was Private Secretary to Lord Northbrook, his relative, then Governor-General of India. In September, 1879, Major Baring, who had previously been a member of the European Commission on Egyptian finance, was appointed Controller-General in Egypt, but in June of the next year was nominated Financial Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India at Calcutta. In August last year, Sir Evelyn Baring, who had just then become a Knight of the Star of India, was appointed British Government Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, with the rank and functions of a Minister Plenipotentiary in the diplomatic service. He married, in 1876, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Rowland Errington, Bart., and has two children. We quote the following estimate of his abilities and performances from "Khedives and Pashas," a lively and spirited series of personal sketches by a resident at Cairo, which has very recently been published:—"Had the opportunity been afforded of choosing from every rank of life, social position, profession, or political party, no more happy choice could have been made than that Major of Artillery, who had already laid the foundation of his reputation as Secretary to Lord Northbrook in India. He had not been ten days in Egypt, as a simple member of the Caisse, some seven years ago, before the Khedive Ismail, a person of the keenest intelligence, said, 'There is a man capable of governing this country.' The famous Commission of Inquiry, the foundation of all good that has been effected in Egypt, was his idea; what is best in the Report was his work; and, when it became necessary to appoint a Controller-General, there was no second name to suggest. In a month, he had, by well-timed action, the Ministry under his thumb. People talked of his colleague, M. De Blignières, as the leading Controller. It suited De Blignières, who was, withal, thoroughly loyal, to assume the leading part—to personify the Control in public; and it suited Baring quite as well. He, in fact, did the hard work, and bore the weight that had to be carried. Happy would it have been for England and for Egypt, had he never left the country! The history of the last few years would have been altered; the Gladstone Ministry would, so far as Egypt is concerned, have had a life-tenure of office; and the two countries would each have been by four millions the richer. Now, indeed, the first time for many years, there is at the British Residency in Cairo a firm hand and a steady grip, a voice that speaks to be obeyed, a rider who gives a lead to the British Government itself, and does not wait for it. Who says the Government of Egypt is in Downing-street? It is the 'Maison Baird' at Cairo that rules Egypt, and, in Egyptian matters, rules the British Cabinet. There are some who describe Evelyn the First as 'brutally practical,' while Evelyn the Second, Sir Evelyn Wood, has the reputation of being too sentimental and theoretical. The fact is, both of them are singularly honest, straightforward men. When someone suggested Wood himself as successor to Lord Dufferin, a sceptic answered, 'I 'm afraid he can't lie well enough for a diplomatist'; and I have heard the same defect urged as as Baring's cardinal vice. Both warm-hearted, hard workers, strict disciplinarians, sincere to the core, and loathing humbug, the two men were bound to answer to each other's touch. Moreover, both of them have that quiet sense of humour, which more than anything else brings together natures even more divergent. To see Sir Evelyn Baring, however, at a weary Cairo social gathering, one is irresistibly reminded of the mastiff trying to look like a lap-dog. The ladies say he is a 'Bearist.'" Men, at least, feel the unspeakable relief of having to deal with something human, and not a mere incarnate Bluebook. In his administration, the 'bearing-rein,' as a facetious correspondent calls it, is drawn tight, so much so that poor Sherif jibbed at last, nor was it to be wondered at. I met one day two melancholy, jaded, harassed officials slinking from the Residency. 'Tell me, oh ——,' said the one to the other, 'what on earth made him speak to us like that?' 'Hush,' said the other, lowering his voice to a whisper, 'I fear, because *he means it*.'"

Our Portrait of Sir Evelyn Baring is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta.

SIR EVELYN BARING,
RESIDENT MINISTER OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN EGYPT.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE IN ESSEX.

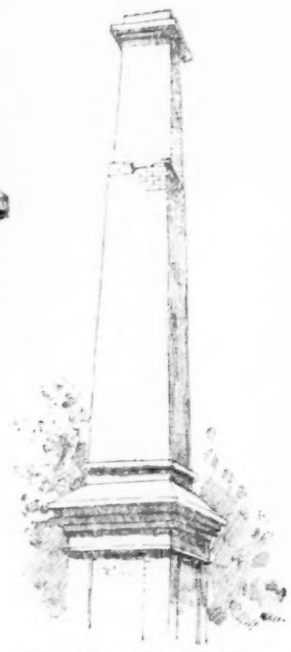
Some additional Illustrations of the effects of the earthquake in the neighbourhood of Colchester on Tuesday, the 22nd ult., will be acceptable as memorials of a visitation so rarely experienced in this country. In the Colchester Museum of the Essex Archæological Society, which contains an interesting local collection of Roman antiquities, that place being the site of Camalodunum, one of the most important of the Roman military stations in ancient Britain, the shock deranged the position of several of the articles deposited there. The village of Peldon, seven or eight miles south of Colchester, near the shore of the Pyefleet, a tidal channel dividing the mainland from Mersea Island, between the estuary of the Colne and that of the Blackwater, suffered as much as its neighbours, Langenhoe, Abberton, and Wigborough, the earthquake particularly affecting this piece of the country for reasons which geologists may be able to explain. The parish church, the font, the tombstones in the churchyard, and the chimneys of the Rectory, bear witness to an alarming move



ROMAN AMPHORA IN MUSEUM,
SHIFTED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

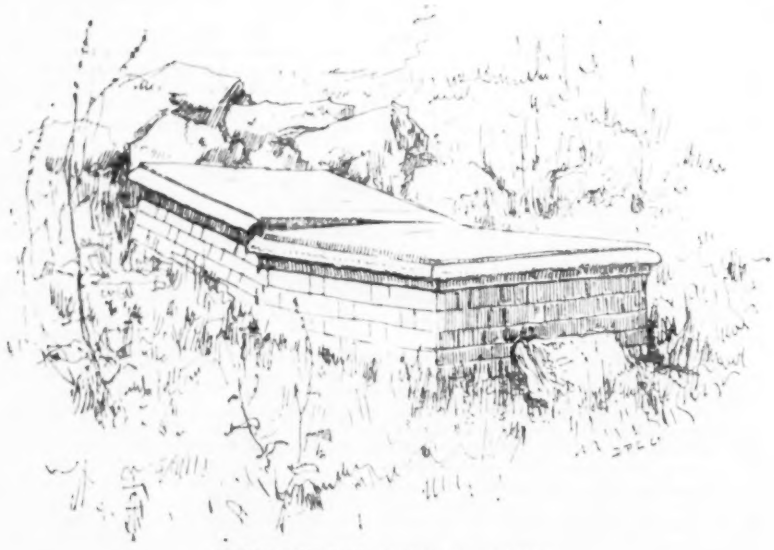
ROMAN HELMET IN THE MUSEUM AT COLCHESTER
SHIFTED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

CHIMNEY OF PUBLIC-HOUSE, PELDON ROSE.



CHIMNEY STACK OF MILL-HOUSE.

THE RECTORY AT PELDON.



BROKEN TOMBSTONE, PELDON CHURCHYARD

EFFECTS OF THE LATE EARTHQUAKE IN ESSEX.

ment in the way of physical Disestablishment, which might have been considered rather ominous in the ages of superstition; but we trust that public liberality will there and in every other parish soon provide funds for the repair of the damage, and that the need of prompt relief for many private sufferers of the poorer class, whose dwellings have been rendered uninhabitable, will also be supplied. The subscription for this purpose opened by the Lord Mayor of London, at the Mansion House, amounted to £4000 at the beginning of this week, and may fairly be commended to a due measure of pecuniary support, although the distress occasioned by this calamity bears a small proportion to that which was described as having taken place in the island of Ischia and on the shores of Asia Minor from a similar cause within the recent memory of newspaper readers. No region of the globe seems totally exempt from the possibility of earthquake, but its severest effects have always been felt within a short distance of the seacoast; and it is probable that the immediate cause may be the opening of submarine fissures in the bed of the sea, letting in vast quantities of water to cavities beneath where it comes into contact with strata of rock heated by volcanic fires, and is thereby converted into steam, the expansion of which may disturb the neighbouring land. One effect of this earthquake in Essex has been to stop the flow of many of the springs of fresh water, and to empty the wells from which the rustic population obtained their daily household supply; but we hope this will remedy itself, in the course of nature, when the ground has been at rest for a sufficient time.

THE ITALIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION AT TURIN.

The city of Turin, the capital of Piedmont and of the former Kingdom of Sardinia, well deserves to have been chosen for the Italian National Exhibition of this year, which was opened by the King and Queen of Italy on the 26th ult. That city, and the old province of Piedmont, have the strongest claim of political gratitude on the whole Italian nation. Italy is mainly indebted to the late King Victor Emmanuel and to his able and courageous Minister Count Cavour, with the loyal and valiant support of the Piedmontese of all ranks and classes, for concentrating and giving effect to the movement of Italian patriotism from 1848 to 1859, for contending on its behalf in two wars against the Austrian dominion in Italy, and for providing a regularly organised Government, with a free Parliamentary constitution. Before the removal of the seat of the Kingdom of Italy to Florence in 1865, and subsequently to Rome, Turin was the residence of the leading Italian public men, some of whom had lived there as exiles during many preceding years, welcomed, honoured, and willingly preferred in the service of the State, and as members of the Senate and the Chamber. These recollections must add greatly to the interest of a visit to Turin upon the present occasion. The city, moreover, though it cannot boast of much architectural magnificence, and has not the aspect of picturesque antiquity, enjoys a beautiful situation, at the confluence of the Dora with the Po, in the upper part of the rich and verdant plain of North Italy, at the foot of that charming range of hills called the Collina, which is clothed with vineyards, woods, and villa gardens, and crowned with the lofty Church of the Superga, the burial-place of the Sardinian Kings. The Alps, in a vast half-circle, stand around the plain of Turin, and are visible from almost every main street in the city; but in the Valentino Park, where the Exhibition buildings have been erected, the prospect is open on all sides, and is one of the most delightful in Europe. The edifices and inclosed grounds appropriated to the Exhibition occupy a space of about 400,000 square yards, including a range of buildings nearly one kilomètre in length, galleries, concert-rooms, pavilions, kiosques, courts, and gardens, a mediæval Piedmontese château erected on the banks of the Po, and sheds for a variety of special purposes. These erections have cost more than two and a-half million francs, and some of them are very handsome. Four large galleries, each of which has a centre transept and two side naves, are devoted to the reception of specimens of manufactured articles. The machinery in motion is shown in a spacious gallery spanned by an iron roof, 250 yards long by 36 yards wide. The fine arts section occupies a gallery by itself, the architectural features of which are purely of the Grecian order. The reproduction of an ancient castle, with its drawbridge and portcullis all complete, provides accommodation for a museum of Piedmontese and Lombard antiquities, and of those belonging to other provinces of Italy. There will be musical performances in a concert-room capable of holding 3000 persons, to which visitors will have free ingress on Thursdays and Sundays. The bands of the principal Italian cities will come in turn to perform there. An international exhibition of electricity is also to be held, and there will be an evening promenade, as at the Fisheries Exhibition in London. The gayest months will be May and June, September and October, the natives leaving the town during the great heats of July and August. Other attractions will be found—an extra opera season at the Teatro Regio; a monster concert or contest in the spacious Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele; a large circus, erected near the Piazzo Solferino, where the best equestrian troupes will perform; races, bicycle-races, assaults-at-arms, diving, gymnastics, aquatic fêtes, cattle, poultry, agricultural, and horticultural shows. Kiosques and pavilions, Indian, Chinese, Moorish, Morocco, and Swiss, are erected for the different cafés and restaurants in the Valentino Park. Arrangements have been made with the Continental railway companies for the reduction not only of freight tariffs, but also of passenger fares for intending visitors to the Exhibition. Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, of London, are official agents of the committee on behalf of visitors.

A net sum of £306 was realised by the performance at St. George's Hall for the benefit of the widow of Mr. G. Buckland.

In London last week 2541 births and 1697 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 274 below, while the deaths exceeded by 82, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 10 from smallpox, 85 from measles, 38 from scarlet fever, 11 from diphtheria, 112 from whooping-cough, and 13 from dysentery.

New Board Schools at Wood-green were opened by the Lord Mayor last Saturday afternoon. The chairman of the local board (Mr. G. Gripper), who presided, stated that the schools had cost between £11,000 and £12,000, exclusive of the site, the expense of which was about £2000. The Lord Mayor afterwards inspected the Fishmongers' Institute and Printers' Almshouses, in the immediate neighbourhood.

A thunderstorm, accompanied by rain and hail, and in some places sleet and snow, passed over a considerable part of England on Monday afternoon. In Blackfriars-road some of the overhead telegraph wires were melted, injuring some persons. At Cambridge the walls of a house were split. At Updown, near Margate, the lightning fired some stacks, which, together with the farm buildings, were destroyed.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Escape from Egyptian Bondage seems impossible, in the present Parliament. In the House of Lords, Earl Granville has no sooner guardedly answered one awkward question than he is called upon to reply to another. But, however divided councils may have been in Downing-street, the Foreign Secretary's fine tact and rare equanimity never fail him in front of the Opposition. Any ordinary Minister might have been disconcerted by Lord Strathnairn's pertinent inquiry, on the 1st inst., as to why the forces of General Graham had been withdrawn from Souakim after their recent successes, when their retention there might have averted some of the dangers in the Soudan. But this home-thrust, as well as the veteran Field-Marshal's suggestion that Indian troops might be employed, found Lord Granville equal to the occasion with ready official rejoinders, which can scarcely have given so much satisfaction outdoors as they did to the noble Earl himself.

The natural complacency of Earl Granville was, however, presumably ruffled on Tuesday by the Earl of Carnarvon's renewed interrogation regarding the impending Conference on the financial state of Egypt. Entering a lively protest against the noble Earl's adverse criticisms, the Foreign Secretary said, "I may tell him that when the Powers of Europe have an international right, and you wish to interfere with that right, I don't think the idea of consulting them is perfectly monstrous." This brought down upon his Lordship yet another stinging impromptu from the Marquis of Salisbury, who was encouraged by Opposition cheering when he expressed the earnest hope "that this Conference will not be made a screen for escaping from those responsibilities which you have incurred." It should be borne in mind that in these skirmishes Earl Granville is at a manifest disadvantage, in being compelled to observe a diplomatic reticence which is not incumbent on the Leader of the Opposition.

The Government on Monday made clear, through the medium of the Marquis of Hartington in the Commons and the Earl of Morley in the Lords, that no specific votes of thanks to General Sir Gerald Graham and Admiral Sir William Hewett, and the forces lately under them in the Soudan, will be proposed in Parliament, the recent expedition being deemed, as the Secretary for War put it, "an incident in the military occupation of Egypt." Rather a grave and costly incident! The noble Marquis afforded greater satisfaction when he added that "the rewards to be conferred upon the officers and men engaged in this expedition are still under consideration, but the decision of the Government will shortly be announced."

The late Mr. Charles Reade, one of whose graphic novels frames a heavy indictment against the Lunacy Laws, would have accorded hearty support to the Earl of Milltown's motion in the House of Lords on Monday. Referring to the case of "Weldon v. Winslow," Lord Milltown adduced strong argument in support of his resolution that the "state of the lunacy laws is eminently unsatisfactory, and constitutes a serious danger to the liberty of the subject." It may be noted that the Lord Chancellor, in promising that the Government would legislate on the subject next year, had the prudence to add—"if they still remained in office."

The forthcoming debate on the critical position of General Gordon principally occupies the thoughts of hon. members in the Lower House. Mr. Gladstone at the commencement of the week fixed upon Monday next for the discussion of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's motion of censure, the terms of which are:—"That this House regrets to find that the course pursued by her Majesty's Government has not tended to promote the success of General Gordon's mission, and that even such steps as may be necessary to secure his personal safety are still delayed." Quixotic it may have been to dispatch General Gordon and Colonel Stewart to Khartoum under the circumstances. But Ministers will not, it is thought, be at a loss to cite reasons for the postponement of a rescue expedition to a more suitable time of the year. The Premier expressed a sentiment common on the Ministerial side when he said the discussion ought not to be prolonged over the morning sitting of Tuesday next.

Sir Arthur Gordon on Monday gave notice that he should come to the rescue of the Government with an amendment affirming a continuance of confidence in the "general conduct of business" by the Ministry—an amendment probably far more acceptable to the Prime Minister than that of Sir Wilfrid Lawson declining "to censure her Majesty's Government for not taking steps which will involve military operations in connection with an expedition which was distinctly and avowedly of a pacific nature."

The County Franchise Bill is at length in Committee. Animated as were the unqualified denunciations of the measure by the Lord Mayor and Mr. Chaplin on May 1, their lively addresses lacked point, by reason of the withdrawal of their respective amendments, that of Alderman Fowler being designed to relegate the bill to the limbo of "six months" hence, and that of the hon. member for Mid-Lincolnshire being aimed against the extension to Ireland of the measure of enfranchisement. Mr. Gladstone was in his best vein in totally dissenting from the views of Mr. Chaplin. In Committee on Tuesday, Sir Richard Cross's amendment to the first clause was negatived by the large majority of 114 (263 to 149)—a discouraging fact to the Opposition.

Mr. Broadhurst the same evening secured the similarly large majority of 111—238 against 127—in favour of his timely resolution committing the House to the support of a measure to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister. One may be allowed to hope this weighty expression of opinion on the part of the Commons will have some influence when the question comes up once more in "another place."

The grave question of Temperance engaged the earnest attention of the House on Wednesday. But Mr. M'Lagan's Permissive Prohibitive Bill for Scotland, called the Liquor Traffic Veto Bill, was rejected by a majority of 83—148 against 65 votes.

A good-service pension has been conferred on Colonel B. Warton, C.I.E., of the Bengal Staff Corps, who served with distinction in the Indian Mutiny campaign.

Madame Adelina Patti and Madame Sembrich were passengers on board the Oregon, which arrived at Liverpool last Saturday night, after a very rapid passage.

There was a gathering at the Homes for Little Boys, Farningham, Kent, last Saturday, the occasion being the annual excursion of teachers and senior scholars, together with other friends, from London and suburban Sunday-schools contributing to the funds of the Homes. In spite of the showery weather, about 1500 visitors assembled.

The Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal to Frederick Hill, late fireman on board the steam-ship Adjutant, of Leith, in recognition of his gallant conduct in jumping overboard with all his clothes on, in a very heavy sea, on the occasion of the stranding of that vessel off Tigre Point, Malta, and rescuing two of the crew of that vessel who had been thrown into the water by the capsizing of the life-boat.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Lady Monckton gave a recitation, with music, at the bazaar at the Kensington Townhall on Monday afternoon in aid of the St. Michael's Mission.

The sixty-ninth anniversary festival of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, at which the Duke of Richmond and Gordon is to preside, will take place on Tuesday, May 20, instead of May 30, as published by mistake.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, who has been for twenty-five years president of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road, laid, on Tuesday, the foundation-stone of a new wing for the hospital.

At a meeting on Tuesday of the Mansion House Committee of the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the recent earthquake in Essex, it was stated that the amount received was close upon £4000.

Under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, a meeting was held on Monday in behalf of the Westminster Hospital, when resolutions, spoken to by Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., Cardinal Manning, and Archdeacon Farrar, were unanimously passed pledging those present to assist in raising £15,000 for the Institution.

The Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Earl of Fife, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Richard Cross, M.P., and Lord Aberdeen have consented to be stewards for the festival dinner of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association on June 21, when Lord Rosebery will preside.

A meeting of the supporters of the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association was held yesterday week, at Grosvenor House, for the purpose of receiving the eighth annual report of the council, which showed satisfactory progress. The Duke of Westminster took the chair, and Dr. Playfair and other gentlemen spoke in support of the objects.

On Tuesday evening the forty-seventh anniversary festival of the London Coffee and Eating House Keepers' Benevolent Association was held at the Guildhall Tavern. The male annuitants of the institution are granted pensions ranging from £20 to £30 per annum, and necessitous aged women are each allowed £18, £20, or £25 a year. Temporary relief is also afforded to distressed persons in the trade and to their children. Subscriptions and donations amounting to upwards of £300 were announced.

The Treasury have agreed to allow £500 to the Fisheries Board of Scotland for the purpose of scientific investigation.

Lord Shaftesbury on Wednesday afternoon unveiled the memorial statue of William Tyndale (the work of Mr. Boehm) on the Thames Embankment, a large number of persons witnessing the ceremony. The memorial fund has been chiefly raised by contributions of £100 from bodies and persons in different parts of the country. The total cost of the monument was £2400.

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A NUMEROUS and brilliant audience in the Star Theatre last night saw once again Mr. Irving's wonderful acting in "The Bells," and recognised, with fear as well as plaudits, his great sway over the imagination and the heart. He acted with prodigious nervous power, and he was four times called before the curtain.—NEW YORK TRIBUNE.
MR. IRVING gave his great character of Mathias with thrilling effect. He was frequently recalled during the evening by the continued applause of the house.—NEW YORK HERALD.
MR. IRVING'S performance of Mathias is full of weird power.—NEW YORK TIMES.
HENRY IRVING'S opening performance in this country last October was in the character of Mathias in "The Bells," and he gave it last night for the last time in this his farewell engagement. His powerful performance of this part is now too well known to need special comment.—NEW YORK WORLD.
MR. IRVING appeared last night in his characteristic performance of Mathias in "The Bells." The great artist succeeded in keeping his audience spellbound from the first scene to the last.—NEW YORK TRUTH.
"LOUIS XI."
A BRILLIANT audience filled the Star Theatre last night to behold Mr. Henry Irving's artistic portraiture of Louis XI.—NEW YORK SUNDAY MERCURY.
A SPLENDID audience attended the Star on Saturday night, when Mr. Irving and his company presented "Louis XI." The spectators watched his efforts with undiminished pleasure, and he was called a number of times before the curtain.—NEW YORK MIRROR.
MR. IRVING repeated last Saturday night one of the leading successes of the autumn season in this city—"Louis XI." Fascinated and absorbed, in his realistic presentation of the wily, superstitious, and revengeful King, one forgets the mechanical structure of the play.—NEW YORK HOME JOURNAL.
MR. IRVING gave his remarkable impersonation of Louis XI. at the Star Theatre last night before a large and highly appreciative audience. I had seen the distinguished actor play this part twice before, but I could see him play it many more times without tiring of it. I must confess that Irving grows upon me; the more I saw of him and the closer I studied him the more my appetite for his acting grew, until I have been almost transformed into an Irving enthusiast.—NEW YORK TRUTH.

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SOME FRENCH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

JULES DUPRÉ.

CHARLES BUSSON.

EUGÈNE LAVIEILLE.

F. L. FRANÇAIS.

HENRY HARPIGNIES.

CAMILLE BERNIER.

EMILE BRETON.

HECTOR HANOTEAU.

L. G. PELOUSE.

A. GUILLEMET.

SOME FRENCH LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS.

The landscapes at the Paris Salon are without doubt one of the most important features of the exhibition; some, indeed, of the French painters who have devoted themselves to this branch of art will take rank with the chief painters of the age; those whose Portraits are presented in this sheet may be regarded as among the more eminent at the present moment.

French landscape-painting is almost a creation of this century; for although there was a grand tradition descending from the great and noble productions of Poussin and Claude, that tradition had become oppressive; so that landscape was only regarded as a vehicle or a setting to the expression of some poetic sentiment or story connected with history or mythology.

It was the great movement in favour of the study of Nature for its own sake, and the persuasion that Nature could do for Art a great deal more than Art could do for Nature that produced in the opening years of the second quarter of this century a school of landscape painters in France which set all Academic ideas at defiance.

Theodore Rousseau, Flers, Cabat, Descamps, Paul Huet, Jules Dupré were the originators of a revolution in landscape art, for it was hardly less, when men began to paint trees, and skies as they really were. Fontainebleau was the sacred ground of what was not far from being a new Art Religion, since, like all nascent faiths, it had its martyrs and prophets. For many years its professors were more or less excluded from the Salon, but at last they triumphed, and the men we have mentioned, together with Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, and Chintreuil, formed what may be called the grand school. One alone, of these founders of modern French landscape art, survives, Jules Dupré, whose portrait worthily opens our series. The nine other painters, whose portraits follow, are exponents of different forms of the same school.

JULES DUPRÉ.

Born at Nantes in 1811, his father, who was a manufacturer of porcelain, had him initiated into industrial art and taught drawing. He entered the atelier of Diebold, and in 1831 exhibited at the Salon five landscapes taken from the environs of Paris and the Haute-Vienne. A tour he now made through France and some parts of Great Britain produced several sketches for pictures. Among the first works which brought him reputation may be cited: A Farm Yard, Valley of Montmorency (1833). His landscapes in 1834 were from the environs of Abbeville, of Argenton, and of Chateauroux, and comprised the Interior of a Cottage, Berry; in 1835, they were drawn from Limousin, Abbeville, and Southampton; in 1836, England and the Limousin were again his sources; in 1839 he exhibited at the Salon two paintings of Bridges over the Fay in Indre, some views in the Lower Limousin and Normandy, with one of Animals passing a Ford, appeared at the Salon. But M. Dupré has been too much devoted to his art to care to keep his name before the public. Dissatisfied with his work, he prefers to destroy it rather than give the world that which does not reach his standard of perfection. He is accordingly a rare exhibitor at the Salon, and lives away from Paris, a recluse in his atelier at Isle-Adam. His works are none the less prized by connoisseurs, as may be seen from the way some have risen in money value. The Farm Interior, of 1833, sold by the artist for 260f., went at the Faure sale for 20,000f., while the Southampton, of 1835, originally priced at 500f., obtained a purchaser at 48,000f. In 1862 he exhibited three paintings—a Pasture, Entry of a Hamlet on the Landes, and a Sunset. At the Exposition Universelle of 1867 appeared ten pictures—Forest of Compiègne, Winding road in the same forest, Animals passing over a bridge in Berri, Sheepfold in Berri, Marsh in the swampy district of Sologne, Return of the herd, Watercourse in Picardy, Gorge of Eaux-Chaudes on the Lower Pyrenees, Souvenir of the Landes, Road in the Landes. Jules Dupré's work is vigorous, energetic, and full of poetry. Two landscapes, which he painted as decorations to Prince Demidoff's hotel in Paris, were subsequently bought by the French Government for 50,000f., and placed in the Luxembourg. They are two very poetic renderings of Morning and Evening.

FRANÇOIS-LOUIS FRANÇAIS

is an example of indomitable energy, combined with the most elevated aims. Born in 1814, at Plombières, in the Vosges, he was the eldest of a family of orphans. At the age of fifteen he went to Paris, hoping to find the means of becoming an artist. He obtained a situation in a bookseller's shop, where he attracted the notice of Armand Carrel, and in 1830, being nineteen years of age, he took part in the Revolution of July. Entering an establishment for painting on glass he lost all his savings in its failure. He then became clerk to M. Buloz, the founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but was thrown on the world because he preferred art to engaging himself permanently in bookselling. After some further difficulties he went into the atelier of Gigoux and learned to draw on wood and on stone. Some of his earliest efforts were upon an edition of Gil Blas; later on he was engaged with Tony Johannot and Meissonier on a now much-valued edition of "Paul et Virginie," and he took part in the illustrations of several other books and magazines. In 1837 he became acquainted with Corot, and lithographed his work, as well as that of Decamps and Rousseau. He now ventured on exhibiting a work he had painted in conjunction with his friend H. Baron, entitled A Song under the Willows, a landscape with sixteenth-century figures. From this date he has rarely missed a Salon. The most remarkable of his works have been as follows:—Subject from the environs of Paris; November (1844); Subject from Bougival (1845); St. Cloud, the principal fountain painted in conjunction with Meissonier (1846). This picture was a great success, and Français determined to go to Italy, where he remained three years. In 1848 he sent: Convent of St. Thomasso, and in 1849 Banks of the Taverone. His next important picture was Montoire, an autumnal effect; in the same Salon (1853) appeared: The End of the Winter, now in the Luxembourg, and View of the Ravine at Nepi, near Rome; Peasant sharpening his scythe (1855); Fine Day in Winter, Souvenir of the Valley of Montmorency (1857); View at Bas-Meudon; Evening, now in the Musée of Épinal; Edge of the Water, environs of Paris, now in the Musée of Nantes (1861); Orpheus, in the Luxembourg (1863); Sacred Wood, now in the Musée at Lille; New excavations at Pompeii (1865); Banks of the Tiber, Evening (1866); Mont Blanc, seen from the Jura; Mont Rose, from the Riffelhorn (a water-colour) (1869); Daphnis and Chloe, in the Luxembourg (1872); The Spring (1874); The Ravine of the Puits-noir, in the Musée of Nancy (1875); The Mirror of Secy, in the Musée of Besançon (1876); Mont Cervin, Sunset, bought by the State (1878); Valley of Rosellon (1879); the High Road to Combes-la-Ville, and Evening, in the Musée of Tours (1880); Villafelipa (1882); Shore of Capri and a Scene at Nice (1883), comprise a complete list of all the more remarkable works painted by Français since 1855. The Salon of 1884 contains two pictures by the same indefatigable hand—a Morning at Clisson and an Autumnal Effect from the Vosges. To the expression of reality M. Français adds style and poetry, so that he tends in the best sense to the classical in art, and worthily represents the grand aims of the greatest master in French art—Nicolas Poussin.

HENRY HARPIGNIES

comes from the manufacturing district of the north of France, having been born at Valenciennes in 1819. It was intended that he should find a career either in the ironworks or sugar factories of his native city; but his vocation for art proved irresistible. At the age of twenty-seven he came to Paris, where he entered the atelier of Achard. After two years he went to Italy; his first Salon pictures being a view of Capri and a hollow in the neighbourhood of Valenciennes. In 1861 he exhibited the Skirts of a Wood, borders of Allier, a department corresponding to the old Bourbonnais, and a locality from which he has chiefly drawn his subjects. In 1863 he exhibited the Ravens. In 1866 appeared Evening in the Roman Campagna, which was generally regarded as a great success, and is now in the Luxembourg. His Salon pictures since the war have been as follows:—Ruins of the Château of Herisson; A Fine Day in Winter (1872); the Saut-du-Loup, a view on the river Allier, now in the Luxembourg (1873); Oaks of Château-Renard, and The Valley of the Aumance, Allier, the latter is in the Luxembourg (1875); Meadow in the Bourbonnais, Morning (1876); The Village of Chasteloy, Allier, and Morning (1877); The Old Nut-tree, souvenir of Allier; The Colosseum at Rome (1878); Pavillon of Flora from the Pont-Neuf; Turkies, souvenir of Allier (1879); Evening, Return from the Chase; and a Panel for the staircase at the Senate, to be worked in tapestry (1880); Victim of the Winter, and Valley of the Loing at Saint-Privée, Yonne (1881); The Banks of the Loing, and a View of the Loire (1882); A Wood at Saint-Privée, and Afternoon at Saint-Privée. M. Harpignies belongs to the same category as M. Français, and is also eminent as a painter in water-colours, and his drawings have appeared at various Salons.

EUGÈNE LAVIEILLE.

Born at Paris in 1820, the child of honourable Poverty, he began at eleven years of age to learn the art of graining on wood. As his brush traced the dancing lines he was smitten with a love of painting. At twenty-one he began to give his afternoons and evenings to the study of art. His struggles were romantic and to the last degree touching. He went to Corot, who, seeing his destitution, tried to dissuade him from the attempt. Finding, however, that he was determined to persevere, the great master became his teacher, and both were at length rewarded, for Lavieille attained not only a great reputation, but the affectionate esteem of several of the most distinguished personages in French literature and art. For some time after 1850 he formed part of the colony at Barbizon with Millet, Rousseau, Jaques, &c. And the four great sales of his pictures, 1860, 1867, 1873, 1884, testify to the appreciation in which his work is held by connoisseurs. His first appearance at the Salon was in 1844; his first great success was a picture called Twilight (1849), bought by the State for the Museum at Marseilles. He has since exhibited:—Forest Scene, bought by the State (1852); Snow (Exposition Universelle, 1855); Ponds at Bourg, Evening; Evening in the hamlet of Buchem; Snow Scene (1859); Inundation (1860); Four Seasons (Universal Exhibition, London, 1862); Snow at Pierrecourt, bought by the State, but accidentally burnt (1862); Snow Scene, Twilight; Wood at Borny, Aisne (1864); Pasture, with Animals; Route de Wabon at Bercy (1870); Twilight in Winter at Arsy (1873); The Château of Chamarande; September Evening at Fontainebleau (1874); Night at Celle-sous-Moret, at the Museum of Melun (1878); October, Night, now in the Luxembourg (1880); Rising of the Corbionne at Bretoncelles, Orne, bought for the Museum at Rouen (1881); Entry of the Forest of Vosé, Autumn, bought by the French Art Minister; A Street at Sablons (Seine et Marne), Night (1882). Lavieille has been styled "Le peintre de la Nuit." At the sale held at Drouot's, on March 31 last, there were several night effects. Among the most remarkable were:—Church at Bretoncelles; Winter-night; Farm at Moutiers; House of Jean le Guenilleux; Hovel on the plateau of the Libéro; Street in Moret-sur-Loing; Moonlight at the Ford of Maulney, at Mans; La Booz, near Bretoncelles.

CHARLES BUSSON.

Born at Montoire, Loir et Cher, in 1822, M. Busson became a pupil of Rémond and of Français. His landscapes are chiefly borrowed from his own native country and, with singular frequency, from the neighbourhood of Montoire itself. Thus we find the most remarkable of his early works, a picture in the Musée at Tours, was a Ford in the neighbourhood of Montoire (1857), while his last Salon picture was Before Rain, plain of Montoire. He has drawn some of his works from Berry, the Dauphiny, the Landes, and Touraine. He has never missed a single Salon. The following is a list of his principal works since 1857:—Hunting Ducks in the Marsh, Berry, now in the Luxembourg (1865); The Return of the Gamekeeper, in the Musée of Compiègne (1867); Morning at Venice; Evening at Venice (1872); Park of Sainte Claire; Last Leaves, Montoire (1873); Old Moat of the Château of Lavardin, near Montoire, now in the Luxembourg (1874); After the Rain (1875); Before the Storm (1876); Village of Lavardin, near Montoire (1877); An old Norman Farm (1878); Old Weir near Montoire (1879); Horse-trough of the old Bridge of the Château of Lavardin (1880); Wood of St. Martin, near Montoire ((1881); Prazay, near Montoire, Fisherman's House; Ruins of the Château of Lavardin (1882).

CAMILLE BERNIER.

Born in 1823, at Colmar, in Alsace, where his father was Receiver-General of Taxes, M. Bernier entered into Art somewhat late in life. He became a pupil of Léon Fleury, and working assiduously and with ever-increasing delight, he is to-day among the first landscape-painters in France. All his work is in the highest degree conscientious, and the charm of his pictures is felt the more they are studied. Although an Alsatian, the country of his artistic preference is Brittany, and that to such an extent that, with rare exceptions, he has drawn from it all his subjects. His first Salon picture was exhibited in 1863, Bay of Penhire. Since then the following have appeared:—Fires of Goëmon on the Coast of Kersaint (1865); Landes, near Bannalec, bought by the State, one of his best (1867); Pathway through the Broom (1868), now in the Musée at Colmar; Fountain in Brittany (1869), bought for the State; Road near Bannelic (1870), now in the Musée of Nantes; January (1871), in the Luxembourg; Dan dour, Finistère (1872), in the Musée at Angers; Farm in Bannalec: Sunset (1876); Sabot-makers in the Wood of Quimerc'h; the last two named are among the finest of the painter's works; the Abandoned Path (1879), in the Musée at La Rochelle; Morning (1880), in the Musée at Lille; Lande of Kerrenic (1881), now at Madrid; The Pond (1882); The Old Way, Brittany (1883); and a large picture, Sunshine and Mist, appears in the Salon of 1884.

HECTOR HANOTEAU.

Born at Decize, Nièvre, in 1823, son of an Inspector of Navigation. His bent towards art was decided from earliest childhood. At school he pleased no one but his drawing-master. In 1842 he went to Paris, and after he entered the atelier of Jean Gigoux, his progress was rapid. The first pictures he exhibited were from the Forest of Compiègne (1847). The two pictures most remarkable among his early works were:—Meet in the Woods of La Machine, Nièvre (1853); Harvest in the Canton de Fours, Nièvre (1854). His brother, General Hanoteau, being in Algeria, M. Hector Hanoteau went over, about the year 1854, to Africa; but the country did not attract him, and he shortly returned to the woods and ponds of his native country, Nièvre, whence he has drawn most of his subjects. The only reminiscence he gave of Algeria was an Arab Encampment under the Walls of l'Aghouat (1855). In the same Salon he exhibited the Fields of Charency, Nièvre. Since then, his principal works have been:—Neighbourhood St. Pierre, Nièvre; Pond in the Nivernais, bought by the King of Portugal (1857); Morning on Banks of the Canne (1859); A Fishing Morning, Evening at the Farm; Rivulet at Charency (1861); Wild Horses in the Nivernais; The Nurse of the Poor, now in the Musée of Nevers (1863); Paradise of the Geese, in the Musée of Marseilles; Abandoned Hut, bought by the King of the Belgians (1864); A Park Corner, in the Musée of Douai (1865); Fishing Party (1866); Foxes' Larder (1868); Reeds; Track of Forest Game (1869); Village Pond, now in the Luxembourg (1870); Cottage (1872); Honeysuckle (1873); Woodcutter's Lodge; Pear-tree of Messire Jean; A Fallen Wood (1874); The Frogs (1875), now in the Luxembourg; The Laughing Water; Kids (1876); The Mill (1877), in the Musée of Havre; The Miller's Round, in the Musée of Nevers; Portrait of General Hanoteau (1878); Victim of the Revel (1879); The Sleeping Water (1880); The Wooded Pond; My Garden (1881); Autumn; The Tillers (1882); The Middle Hedge (1883); September; April (1884).

EMILE BRETON.

Brother of the poet-painter Jules Breton, M. Emile Breton was born in 1831 at Courrières, in the Pas de Calais, his father being Maire of the village, and of a family much respected. At seventeen years of age he found himself an orphan and penniless. He determined to enlist, and amidst the tears of his brothers and of his nurse, an old peasant woman, who had sewn up fifty francs in his waistcoat pocket, he started for the garrison at Lyons. After rising to the grade of a non-commissioned officer he vainly tried to enter into business; it was of no use, and he finally gave himself to painting in 1857, being then twenty-six years of age. His first appearance was at the Salon, when he sent three landscapes; and possessing the same characteristic as that of all the artists we have described: a most indefatigable industry, there has never been a Salon since at which he has not exhibited. The following is a list of these works:—Twilight in Autumn; A Gust of Wind (1863); Hurricane; Setting Sun (1864); Summer's Evening; Twilight (1865); A Pond (1866); A Spring (1868); Setting Sun; Entry of the Village (1869); Night; Rivulet of Orchiman, Belgian Ardennes (1870); Winter's Morning; Winter's Evening (1872); Sunset after the Storm; Sunday Morning in Winter, Artois (1873); Autumn, Twilight; Winter-Night (1874); Canal of Courrières; Artois Village in Winter; The Shepherd's Star (1875); Winter; Sea-piece (1876); Summer's Morning (1877); Night in January, after a Battle; Landscape (1878); Winter, a Church (1879); Before the Storm, Sunset at Sea; Snow, Artois (1880); Old Willows at Wissant, Artois; Frost, Artois (1881); Summer's Evening; A Winter's Song (1882); Moonlight in Winter; Sunset in Autumn (1883); A Mill, Artois; The Old World which is passing away (1884). The Musées of the Luxembourg at Paris, of Boulogne-sur-Mer, Lille, Douai, Arras, Amiens, Grenoble, &c., possess specimens of his works. An example of industry, Emile Breton sets the good of his country before all considerations of self-interest. During the Franco-German War, though he had a son a volunteer in the army, he left the home and work he loved so well and, leading a battalion during the campaign, showed such calm bravery at the battle of St. Quentin that he was decorated with a cross on the field, and spoken of in the highest terms in the order of the day.

LEON-GERMAIN PELOUSE.

Born at Pierrelaye (Seine et Oise) in 1839, he manifested as a youth a taste for art; but his family, believing only in commerce, placed him in a business house at Roubaix, for which he travelled during several years. At twenty-seven he quitted the road, and threw himself into Art. After some struggles, he went to live at Cernay (Seine et Oise). Here, soon after the War, his genius was discovered by the dealers, and Pelouse no longer wanted means to work with serenity and confidence. He took his place by leaps, and was soon found in the foremost rank of French landscape-painters. His Salon pictures have been as follows:—After the Rain, Souvenir of Cernay (1872); Valley of Cernay, (1873); Norman Farm; At Vasouy, near Honfleur; October (1875); Woodcutting at Senlisse (1876); Meadows of Lesdomini, near Pont-Aven, Finistère—Morning; The *Douait*—Washing-place near Pont-Aven (1877); Valley of Cernay—Morning; Ford of Lauriac at Concarneau—Moonlight (1878); The Old Well; A Corner of Cernay in January, now in the Luxembourg (1879); First Leaves; Bank of Rocks at Concarneau (1880); Inundated Meadows, Holland; Cornfields, Souvenir of Grandcamp (1881); Banks of the Elle, Finistère (1882); Valley of the Slate Quarries at Rochefort-en-Terre, Morbihan (1883). The banks of The Loing (Seine et Marne): this painting belongs to the new Art Gallery, at Sydney, New South Wales; Grand Camp, at Low Water (1884).

ANTOINE GUILLEMET.

Born at Chantilly, Oise, in 1843, where his father held an office connected with the management of the taxes, Guillemet early discovered a desire to go to sea; but this taste being opposed by his relations, he found no other way of gratifying it than by painting the element he so much loved. He was introduced to Corot, who placed him with Oudinot, one of his pupils. He made the acquaintance of Daubigny, of Vallon, and of Courbet, and soon rose into fame. His picture in the Salon of 1874 was bought for the Luxembourg. Since then he has exhibited: Old Monaco (1875); Villerville, Calvados (1876); Cliffs at Dieppe; Neighbourhood of Artemare, Ain, now in the Musée of Mulhouse (1877); Shore of Villers, Calvados (1879); The Chaos of Villers, Calvados (1879); Old quay at Bercy, one of the artist's best works (1880); Old Villerville; Shore of Saint Vaast-la-Hougue (1881); Morsalines, Manche (1882); Saint Suliac, Ile et Vilaine (1883); Study at Meudon, Paris seen in the distance; Sea-piece, representing a wave beating at the foot of a fishing hamlet (1884). M. Guillemet is a fervent admirer of Turner and Constable.

R. H.

The anniversary dinner in connection with the German Hospital at Dalston was held last week at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Count Münster. About 180 gentlemen were present. During last year, the committee were enabled to extend the usefulness of the hospital by the addition of a convalescent home, which received 319 patients during the first year of its existence. The secretary announced donations and subscriptions amounting to £3663, including the Emperor of Germany's annual contribution of £200.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

Undoubtedly the most conspicuous figure in the domain of statecraft, the political Colossus of our age, is the inscrutable personage whose characteristics form the subject of *Our Chancellor*: by Moritz Busch (Macmillan and Co.), an elaborate work, which has been translated, apparently with skill, knowledge, and zest, from the original German, by Mr. William Beatty-Kingston, whose studies and publications have been such as would be likely to give him a deep and special interest in his task. The German author, as most readers know, was exceptionally well placed for making the observations upon which the contents of his two volumes are based; but his new publication is, from the nature of the case, far less interesting, as the word is commonly understood, than his former work, in which the famous German Chancellor was presented to us in undress, as it were, and at home. The author's subject on the present occasion is to put within reach of all men a collection of sketches which he has made at various times and under the influence of diverse circumstances, and from which he hopes that at some future time a more ambitious, if not more capable, painter will be able to compose a complete and life-like historical portrait. It was inevitable, therefore, that his volumes should abound with details which, in comparison with those of a great man's private life and domestic habits, are generally considered dry and tedious to read about, though they are of far greater importance so far as the destinies of the world are concerned. Nevertheless, if extracts from speeches, quotations from newspapers, explanations of policy, scenes of debate, letters, despatches, telegrams, and official documents of all kinds, occupy the pages to such an extent that the translator has very judiciously curtailed them sometimes on his own responsibility and out of regard for English readers, it must not be supposed that there is a total absence of those personal anecdotes and similar matters which are so dear to the "general reader." Indeed, the two concluding chapters of the second volume, respectively entitled "Bismarck as an orator and humourist" and "Bismarck in Private Life," are particularly rich in such records. The Prince, it appears, is no orator; and, perhaps for that very reason, has a very low opinion of oratory; but it is claimed for him that he is a humourist, and perhaps he is. He undoubtedly both talks and writes in a dry, sardonic, and sometimes elephantinely playful strain, which seems to bear some more or less remote resemblance to humour; but, of course, the "man of blood and iron" would scarcely be cited as a humourist after the pattern of Theodore Hook, Thomas Hood the elder, and Charles Dickens the elder. The Prince's good sayings would be expected to resemble rather the grim jokes of the First Napoleon, who would speak of Admiral Byng's execution as an example "pour encourager les autres," or those of our own "Iron Duke," who strongly recommended a certain Commissary-General to provide the stores which General Picton had demanded, "because, if Picton said he would hang you in case you fail, he will do it to a certainty"; but the German Chancellor is not quite so sardonic as the other two great men were wont to be.

In his younger days, however, Prince Bismarck was much given, we are told, to practical joking; and it is not every reader who will be so much impressed as the narrator seems to have been and still to be with the excruciating facetiousness of the illustrious joker's behaviour. The specimens exhibited for the reader to roar with laughter at are not unlikely to create a feeling of disgust, and to make the reader think that the famous perpetrator of the jokes must have in his composition a little more than the average amount of brutality innate in every man. It is difficult to see the fun of making a young man drunk and of purposely reducing both him and yourself to such plight, as regards much bespattered clothes and general appearance, that the very particular society into which you and he are to be introduced must necessarily be both astonished and revolted; or of telling a friend who is suffocating in a bog and begs you to help him out that the best thing you can do for him is to shoot him through the head. It is true that you may thus read a lesson to the finikin society by showing the contempt you feel for it, and you may thus frighten your friend, as the great Chancellor frightened and intended to frighten his, into "self-help," into superhuman exertions whereby he will extricate himself without assistance from his disagreeable position, and so learn to be more self-dependent for the future; but in both cases there is a suspicion of ill-nature, in both cases there is an appearance of deliberate insolence. Indeed, it is now a generally received opinion among reasonable beings that the perpetrator of a practical joke, when once the age of schoolboyhood is over, is almost as bad as the perpetrator of a pun (which the Chancellor himself eschews), is almost, in fact, the most odious and most mischievous of all creatures; for it is the practical joker who points the gun, "not knowing," of course, "that it was loaded," at father, mother, wife, friend, comrade, or sweetheart, to the blowing out of more brains than the blower can possibly possess, and who, whether any harm comes of the "joke" or not, ought always to receive a sound flogging "pour encourager les autres." That the example of a great man can once more be quoted in favour or extenuation of practical joking is most unfortunate, and may tend to the ruin of many a promising youth.

In his private life, now that he is past the age of practical joking, the Prince is represented as a really estimable character; he is quite human; he does not go about muttering "fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of a Gallic man"; he lives on cooked food; he is an affectionate husband, father, grandfather, and brother; he loves his home, he is fond of music, he is deeply impressed by natural scenery, which he can describe in happy style; he has a heart that yearns towards dumb animals and plants. That he is, or rather was, a notable sportsman, a good rider, and a good shot, was already known to nearly everybody. Of his thirty or more duels, when he was a student, everybody has heard; so that it is easy to believe what is said of his excellence as a fencer. He has also, it appears, been a great swimmer in his day, and once rescued his groom from drowning, and that under very perilous circumstances. Anti-tobacconites will chuckle to know that he, who was for the greater part of his life an inveterate smoker, thought it prudent at last, for the sake of his health, to drop the incessant cigar for the occasional long pipe, and has now given up smoking altogether. It is wrong to depict him as "an embittered man, a cynic and misanthrope, a satirist and backbiter;" for "he only hates and despises that which is unmanly in men; he only jeers at them when they make themselves ridiculous," and certainly "it is not his fault that this is frequently the case." Perhaps the state of his liver, as well as the ridiculousness of mankind, may deserve to be taken into the account.

At the annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, held last week at the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Bessemer gold medals for 1884 were presented to Mr. E. P. Martin and Mr. E. Windsor Richards. A reference library had been formed, consisting of 1500 volumes, and two rooms have been fitted up for the members. The council has decided to hold their next meeting at Chester.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O H L (Manchester).—Our attention was first directed to the error in the diagram of No. 289 by correspondents who suggested the substitution of a Black Pawn for the Black Bishop, and sent a solution agreeing with the author's. We intended appending a note in our issue of the 26th ult., but, owing to the intervention of the Easter holidays, omitted to do so. Of course, no correction could have appeared in our issue of the 12th, as the column of that date was at press before the Number for the 5th was in the hands of the public. Your problem has been examined, and is marked for insertion.

A SOLVER, &c.—See answer to O H L.

G M W (Northwick).—Only correct solutions are acknowledged. Your other question is trivial.

NIMOX (Brixton).—The *British Chess Magazine* can be obtained from Mr. John Watkinson, Fairfield, Huddersfield. The subscription is, we believe, ten shillings per annum.

GYP (Navenby).—No. 289 is not difficult, but No. 290, like all problems from the same author, is so. The solutions of both were published last week.

EMMO (Darlington).—Be assured. It is not forgotten.

J E C (Ipswich).—We are obliged for your note, and append the information for the benefit of our correspondent W A M and others.

E J (Mortlake).—In both Chess and Draughts the black (or red) corner square should be on the left hand of the players.

W R H (Manchester).—Some of our regular solvers saw through the error in the diagram, and substituted a Black Pawn for the Black Bishop. We are aware that many lovers of problems and keen solvers would take the trouble to do that, but they delight in such work.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 282 and 283 and of Mr. Loyd's problems received from O H S (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); Nos. 281, 282, and 283 received from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of Nos. 285 and 286 from Rio (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 289 from Henry Frau (Lyons), Fluela, O H Labone, J R Blyth, B H C (Salisbury), E J Winter Wood, E L G, Shadforth, E E H, Dr F St, Pierce Jones, Emmo (Darlington), C B N (H.M.S. Asia), A Bruin, Alpha, E Louden, Emile Frau, F M (Edinburgh), T Brandreth, F F (Brussels), Hereward, J R (Edinburgh), John Hodgson, F and G Hewitt, R Worters, New Forest, R H Brooks, Rev W Anderson, Park Villas, and W Farquhar; of No. 290 from E L G, Shadforth, Fluela, and E J Winter Wood; of No. 291 from E C H (Worthing), E J Posno (Haarlem), B H C (Salisbury), E L G, R A Score, W L Davie, Dr F St, Pierce Jones, Jumbo, Emile Frau, Two Heathens, H fstede de Groot, and R Pegnero.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 292 received from H B, Frank Pickering, Henry Frau, T Gaffabin Junior, L L Greenaway, James Pilkington, G S Oldfield, T F W (Lincoln), E J Posno (Haarlem), W Hillier, Arthur S Butler, G W Law, H Reeve, R Jessop, Aaron Harper, New Forest, B H C (Salisbury), W McClew, Lardner (Bognor), M O Halloran, H K Awdry, Captain Baldock, Galahad, George Cox, E Elsbury, Claude Bell (Edinburgh), E L G, H Wardell, W Dewie, E Casella (Paris), B R Wood, R A Score, Alby, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), O Fulder (Ghent), R L Southwell, E E H, W L Davi, Dr F St, L Desanges, Pierce Jones, L Wyman, S Bullen, Emmo (Darlington), J B Entwisle, T H Holdron, Jumbo, John Cornish, J Hall, Irene, L Falcon (Antwerp), A W Scrutton, C Oswald, A Bruin, W B Pentreath, J L Cooke, Alpha, Gyp, W F R (Swansea), G W White, H Blacklock, C S Coxe, N S Harris, F R (Edinburgh), Armadale, Hereward, John Hue, J R (Edinburgh), E J Winter Wood, C Darragh, George Joicey, Carl Friedleben, W E Manby, A J H, John Easton, G H (Highgate), F and G Hewitt (Norwich), R Worters (Canterbury), G T B Kyngdon, John Hodgson, Rev. W Anderson, G M Webber, J K (South Hampstead), Fluela, George J Yeakes, W Farquhar, T P S, Shelton, J R Blyth, F Ferris, R T Kemp, R Pegnero, E Carpenter, T G (Ware), S Lowndes, and H H Noyes.

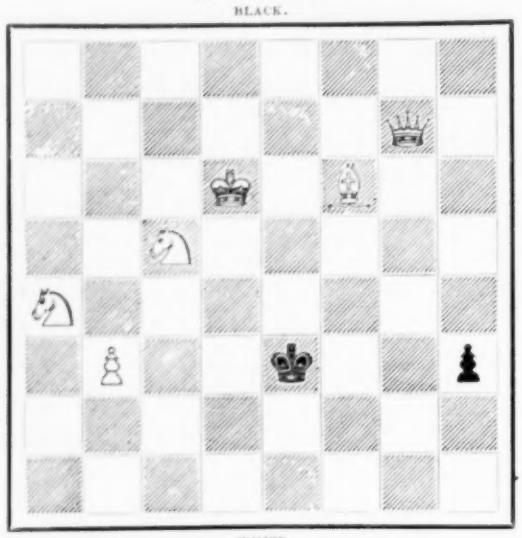
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2091.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to Q Kt 3rd	Any move.
2 Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2094.

By A. CHRISTENSEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the Match between the Manchester Athenæum and the Manchester Chess Clubs; Mr. F. LOWENTHAL, of the Athenæum, on the one side, and Mr. J. RIDDELL, of the Manchester Club, on the other.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th

This mode of defending the gambit is not to be commended. White soon regains the gambit Pawn, with free scope for the development of his forces.

4. B takes P	B to Q 3rd
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes B
7. Kt takes Kt	Castles
8. P to Q 4th	P to Q B 3rd
9. Kt takes P	B takes Kt
10. B takes B	R to K sq
11. P to K 5th	B to K 3rd
12. Castles	P to K R 3rd
13. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd

13. K to R 2nd would have been better.

14. B takes K R P	

Good enough. He gets an equivalent in two Pawns and a fine attack on the exposed King.

14.	P takes B
15. Q takes P	Kt to K B sq
16. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to R 2nd
17. Q R to K sq	B takes R P
18. R to K 3rd	R to K 3rd
19. Q to R 5th	Q to K B sq
20. Kt to R 4th	R to K R 3rd
21. R to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R sq
22. Kt to Kt 6th (ch)	

All this is very well played. Indeed, White, for a young player, has shown excellent judgment throughout.

22.	R takes Kt
23. R takes R	R to K sq

If 23. P takes R, then, 23. R takes Q (ch), R takes R; 25. Q takes P, and, although Black has a Rook and two minor pieces opposed to the Queen, White's superiority in Pawns should carry him to victory.

24. R to K B 3rd	B to Q Kt 8th
25. R (from Kt 6th) to K B 6th	

Unanswerable.

25.	B to R 7th
26. R takes P	Q to Kt sq
27. R takes Kt (ch)	Q takes R
28. Q takes R (ch),	

and Black resigned.

The following Amusing Affair occurred to Mr. BLACKBURNE a few days ago in London.

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th
4. B takes P (ch)	

So early in the morning!

4.	K takes B
5. Kt takes P (ch)	Kt takes Kt
6. Q to R 5th (ch)	P to Kt 3rd
7. Q takes Kt	P to Q 3rd
8. Q takes R	Q to R 5th
9. Castles	Kt to B 3rd
10. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th
11. P to K R 3rd	B takes P (ch)
12. K to R sq	B to K B 4th
13. Q takes R	Q takes P (ch)
14. P takes Q	B takes P

Mate.

The annual meeting of the West Yorkshire Chess Association was held at Leeds on the 28th ult., and was largely attended by representative chess-players of the county. The Mayor of Leeds, Mr. Alderman E. Woodhouse, presided, and formally opened the proceedings at two o'clock in the afternoon. There were thirty-six competitors in the lists, divided into five classes, and ten prizes were provided for the competition. In the first class the first and second prizes, £2 10s. and £1 10s., were divided by Messrs. Rayner and White; in the second class Messrs. Woodhead and Rea divided the two prizes, taking £1. 1s. each; in the third class Mr. Muller won the first prize, £1, and Messrs. Stead and Shepherd divided the second; Messrs. Jackson and Butterfield won the prizes in the fourth class; and Messrs. Bates, Tetley, and Frost won in the fifth class, the last-named pair dividing the second prize. In the course of the proceedings it was resolved to institute a challenge cup, to be played for by members of the clubs affiliated to the association, and the Mayor of Leeds expressed a wish to be allowed to present the trophy, remarking pleasantly that, "If not worth one thousand guineas, it should, at any rate, be a respectable piece of plate." On the motion of Mr. Macmaster, the Bradford Exchange Club was admitted to the association; and the next annual meeting, it was resolved, should be held at Wakefield.

Our problem this week is quoted from the *National Tidende*, of Copenhagen, a paper distinguished for the excellence of the problems published in its columns. The chess department is edited by M. Otto Mensling, himself a problem composer of known merit.

"BESIEGED."

The picture by Mr. F. Morgan, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which is represented by our Engraving, sets before the spectator a pleasant incident reminding us of what may often be witnessed in Greenwich Park, where the tame deer sometimes waylay little children who carry about cakes or apples, and put them into a harmless fright. These goats are equally innocent and gentle, and the horned master of the bircine family is safely chained to an iron stake; but the timid little girl is half afraid of their unceremonious advances, and shrinks to her mother's side for protection, not in any violent fit of terror, but with a lively anxiety that is very prettily expressed by her face and gesture. The mother, a robust countrywoman in the dress of some foreign peasantry, looks down smiling upon the familiar animals besieging the position which she and her child have taken up at the foot of the tree. All the rural accessories of the scene are depicted with much truth to nature, and the whole composition is of a very agreeable character.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1881) of the Right Hon. Ursula Lucy Grace, Lady Otho Fitzgerald, late of No. 8, Carlton House-terrace, and of Oakley Court, Windsor, who died on Nov. 11 last at Paris, has been proved by the Rev. Edmund Woolryche Orlando Bridgeman, the brother, and the Hon. Randolph Henry Stewart, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testatrix makes specific bequests of plate, articles of virtû and taste, furniture, jewellery, &c., to her son Gerald Otho Fitzgerald; and gives pecuniary legacies to her executors. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her son the Hon. Henry Charles Denison. The deceased was a daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Charles Orlando Bridgeman, and married, first, Lord Londesborough; and secondly, Lord Otho Augustus Fitzgerald, P.C.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1881) of Mr. Oxley English, late of No. 19, Pall Mall, who died on March 7 last, was proved on March 26 by Sir Lewis Whincop Jarvis and William Floyd, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £139,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; £1000 to Charing-Cross Hospital; £500 each to the Middlesex Hospital and the West Norfolk and Lynn Hospital; £200 each to the School for the Indigent Blind and the City of London Truss Society; £40,000 to his cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Lutyens; £5000 to his friend, Sir L. W. Jarvis; £2000 to Miss Ann Moyse; and legacies to the housekeeper and housemaid at 19, Pall Mall, and to two servants at the Conservative Club. The residue of his property he leaves to his cousin, William Floyd.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1878), with a codicil (dated July 5, 1882), of Mr. James Vaston Baynes, late of The Shrubbery, Reigate, who died on Dec. 30 last, has been proved by Mrs. Louisa Baynes, the widow, Thomas William Marsh, and Lister Baynes, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £57,000. The testator bequeaths £4000, and his furniture, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; £3000 to his sister, Mrs. Priscilla Broadhead; £2000 each to his niece, Isabel Searle, and his nephew, John Baynes; and and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then, as to two ninths thereof, each for his said sister, niece, and nephew; and as to the remaining three ninths, between the said Lister Baynes and certain of his cousins and their children.

The will (dated July 8, 1881), with two codicils (dated May 8, 1882, and Nov. 30, 1883), of Mr. John Cheek, late of No. 26, Primrose Hill-road, Regent's Park, who died on Feb. 6 last, has been proved by Bingham Watson and Miss Juliet Asser, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator makes bequests to his daughter, Mrs. Hawley, to Miss Asser, and to his executors, and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon certain trusts, for his three grand-daughters, Louise, Alice, and Kate Hawley, and their children, on condition that his grand-daughters do not undertake or engage in any employment or profession for hire or pecuniary reward, or take in boarders, lodgers, or pupils, on pain of the forfeiture of their interest.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1833) of Mr. John Kermack Ford, late of Southsea, Hants, who died on Dec. 5 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by John Kermack, Alexander Hellard, and Mrs. Jane Stewart, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £41,000. The testator bequeaths, if he has not given such sum in his lifetime, £2000 to the Charity Commissioners, to be called the "Kermack Ford Scholarship Fund," upon trust, to establish a scholarship, tenable for three years, at either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, by a boy educated at Portsmouth Grammar School, not being the son of a Jew, or of a person not belonging to the Army, Navy, or Marines, who is a Freemason; £100 to the Borough of Portsmouth Church Extension Fund, if he has not given a similar sum in his lifetime; his collection of minerals, coins, old arms, walking-sticks, &c., to the Mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the borough of Portsmouth, to form part of a public museum; and numerous other legacies. The residue of the personalty is to be divided between the children of his late cousin, William Ramsay Kermack; and all his real estate he gives to the said John Kermack.

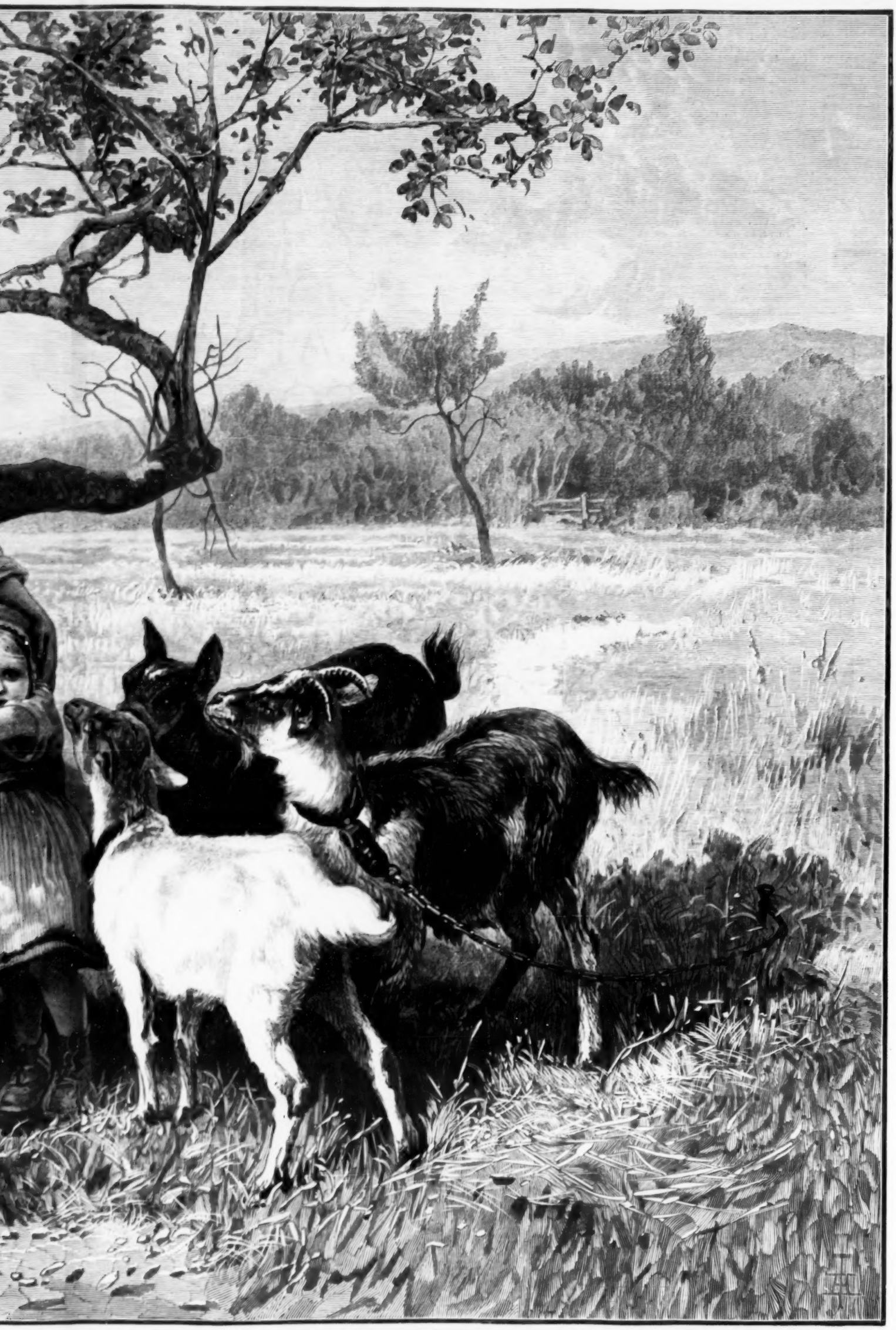
The will (dated May 8, 1883) of Mr. William Robert Bartlett, formerly of No. 11, Friar-street, but late of Aubrey House, Bath-road, Reading, who died on Feb. 25 last, has been proved by Mrs. Ellen Eliza Bartlett, the widow, Edward Henry Hewitt Bartlett, the son, and John Alexander Strachan, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. With the exception of a legacy to Mr. Strachan, the only persons benefited by the will are testator's wife and son.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1883), with three codicils (dated Oct. 27, Nov. 30, and Dec. 7, 1883), of General Sir David Russell, K.C.B., Colonel 84th Regiment, late of No. 3, Elvaston-place, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 16 last, has been proved by Miss Mary Erskine Houstoun, the niece and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being nearly £10,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Mission Hall and Soldiers' Institute, Aldershot, the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society; the Rescue Society, Queen-street, Cheapside; the Baptist Missionary Society, the London City Mission; the Christian Colportage Society, Farringdon-street; the Home for Working Girls, London, and the Mildmay Mission, London, to be paid at the first Term of Whit Sunday or Martinmas after his death, free of duty, and some other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nieces, Mary Erskine Houstoun, Ann Margaret Houstoun, and Agnes Russell, equally.

It is stated that the personal estate of the late Mr. James White, of Glasgow, is £904,113. The property in Scotland is valued at £676,882, and that in England at £227,231. After providing for his four daughters and widow, the residue of the estate falls to his only son, Mr. J. Campbell White.

"BESIEGED."—BY F. M

IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIB



ED."—BY F. MORGAN.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE BAZAAR AT ASSOUAN.

In our frequent descriptive notices of places along the Valley of the Nile in Upper Egypt, we have repeatedly mentioned Assouan, the frontier town on the border of the Nubian desert, just below the First Cataract. This place is 730 miles from the Mediterranean Sea, and 550 miles from Cairo. It has a mixed population of 4000, who carry on some trade with Nubia and the Soudan, caravans of laden camels bringing large quantities of ivory, elephants' teeth, ostrich eggs, feathers, hides, gums, spices, and senna, for sale to the merchants coming in boats up the Nile from different towns of Egypt. The bazaar is a lane of dusty shops and stalls, which on market-days is the scene of much bustle, as shown in our Artist's sketch; Arab traders, in long black gowns, meeting the brisk Maltese from Lower Egypt, to exchange the products of the wilderness for Cairene or European manufactures, cotton, cloth, pottery, cutlery, and cheap ornaments suitable to native taste. Opposite Assouan is the fertile island of Elephantine, with its palm-groves and verdant fields. Above the town, along the bend of the river towards Philæ, huge boulders of granite rock encumber the bed of the stream, which here forces its way through a natural barrier, anciently reputed the proper boundary of Egypt. It is the Syene of classical antiquity, and the remains or foundations of temples, Roman baths, and fortified palaces may still be found in this remote locality, which was the abode of Juvenal during his banishment from Rome. Beyond Philæ and the First Cataract lies the vast plain of Nubia, uninhabited and utterly sterile, except a very narrow strip on the banks of the Nile.

The free reference and lending library in the new municipal building at Leeds will contain about 150,000 volumes.

THE CHURCH.

The 230th anniversary festival of the Sons of the Clergy will be held under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral next Wednesday.

The trustees of the French Anglican Church of St. Jean (La Savoie), in Bloomsbury-street, have presented the Rev. P. Ahier, Vicar of Glaisdale, Yorkshire, to the incumbency of the church.

The bazaar to be held at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, in aid of the restoration and enlargement of Kew Church, has, by Royal command, been postponed till July, when it will be opened by the Princess of Wales.

The Dean and Chapter of Salisbury Cathedral have arranged for a diocesan choral festival in the cathedral on the 29th inst. on an extensive scale, the voices numbering 2800. Dr. Stainer has composed special music for the occasion.

Notice has been given that the week-day afternoon service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, will in future be at three o'clock instead of five o'clock. On Sundays the service will be, as usual, at five o'clock.

The provisional committee of the Wakefield Bishopric Fund have elected Earl Fitzwilliam as president of the general committee. The Archbishop of York, who has subscribed £200 to the fund, will shortly issue a "commendatory letter" urging the claims of the new diocese.

In St. Paul's Cathedral on the 1st inst. Dr. Ridding was consecrated to the see of Southwell, and the Rev. Sydney Linton to the see of Riverina, New South Wales. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London, Lincoln, and Lichfield were the officiating prelates.—The Rev. H. Scott Holland, who has been appointed to the Canonry of St. Paul's, vacant by the promotion of Dr. Stubbs to the Episcopal Bench, was inducted into his stall at the cathedral during the afternoon service of the same day.

A meeting in connection with the Bishop of London's Fund was held last week, at Willis's Rooms—the Bishop of London presiding. The Primate moved a resolution that a sustained effort was needed to supply the increased suburban population of London with the means of public worship and religious instruction, especially in the outer circle of the metropolis. Lord John Manners seconded the resolution, which was carried. Earl Stanhope, the Bishop of Bedford, and other speakers addressed the meeting; and other resolutions in support of the fund were adopted.

The Archbishop of York presided at the Missions to Seamen's Meeting at Willis's Rooms on the 1st inst., when the report of the past year was adopted. The gross income was stated to be £23,034, being an increase of £2030 over that of the previous year. The mission now occupies 49 seaports with 74 chaplains and readers, and supplies them with mission vessels and boats, churches and mission-rooms; whilst 591 captains, officers, and men, act as volunteer helpers on board ships at sea. In the last five years 32,440 seafaring men have been enrolled as total abstainers. Last year, 7409 ships sailed with libraries or bags of reading in their forecastles, whilst three-quarters of a million of publications were put on board ships. The speciality of the missions to seamen is, however, religious services day by day on board the ships. Addresses in aid of the mission were delivered and the customary resolutions adopted.

The Prince of Wales has fixed July 9 for his visit to Redhill with the Princess to lay the dedication stone of the new building for the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's.

PEARS' SOAP

PURE, FRAGRANT, REFRESHING.

MISS MARY ANDERSON.

"I have used it two years with the greatest satisfaction, for I find it the very best.
(Signed) "MARY ANDERSON."

Fair, White Hands.

MRS. LANGTRY.

"I have much pleasure in stating that I have used your soap for some time, and prefer it to any other. (Signed) "LILLIE LANGTRY."

MADAME MARIE ROZE-MAPLESON.

"For preserving the complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest soap in the world. (Signed) "MARIE ROZE."

PEARS' SOAP is Sold Everywhere in Tablets and Balls, 1s. each. Larger sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses. A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d., but INSIST on having PEARS', as vilely-injurious imitations are often substituted for extra gain.

PEARS' SOAP

FOR TOILET AND NURSERY.

Specially Prepared for the delicate Skin of Ladies and Children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

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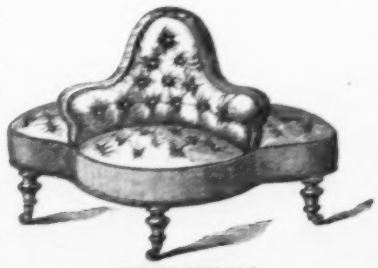

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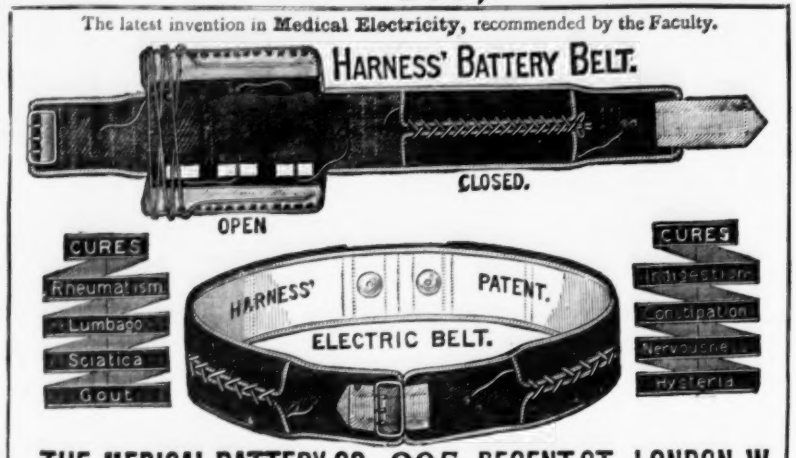

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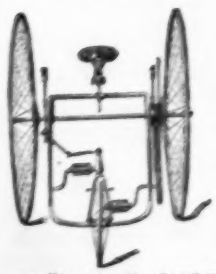

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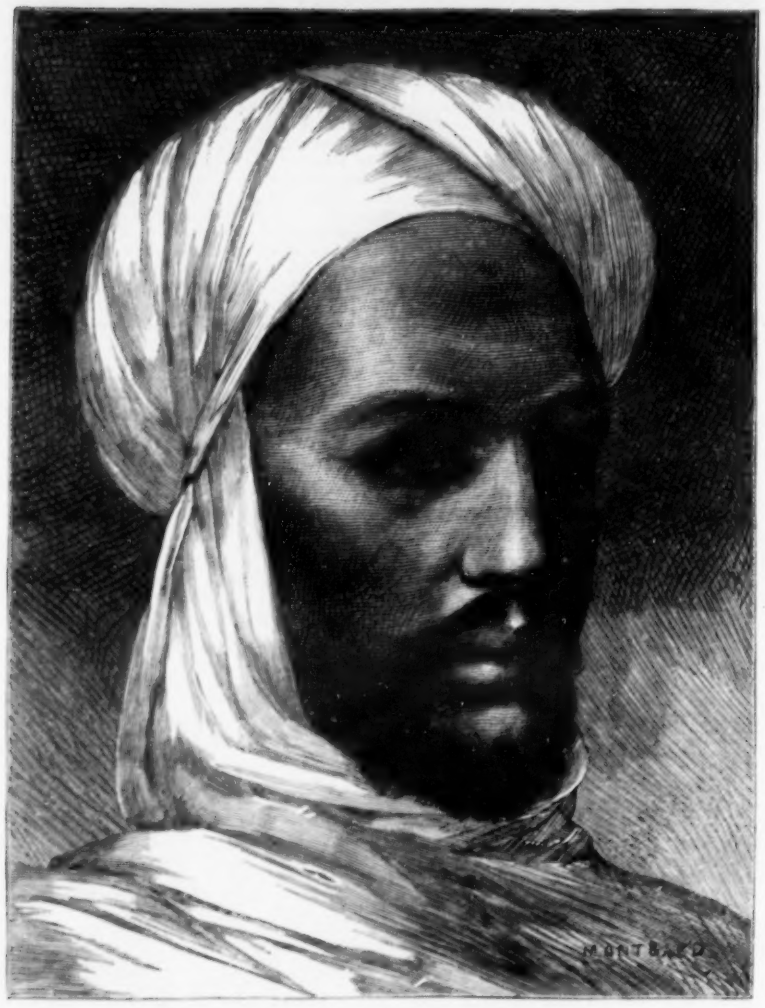
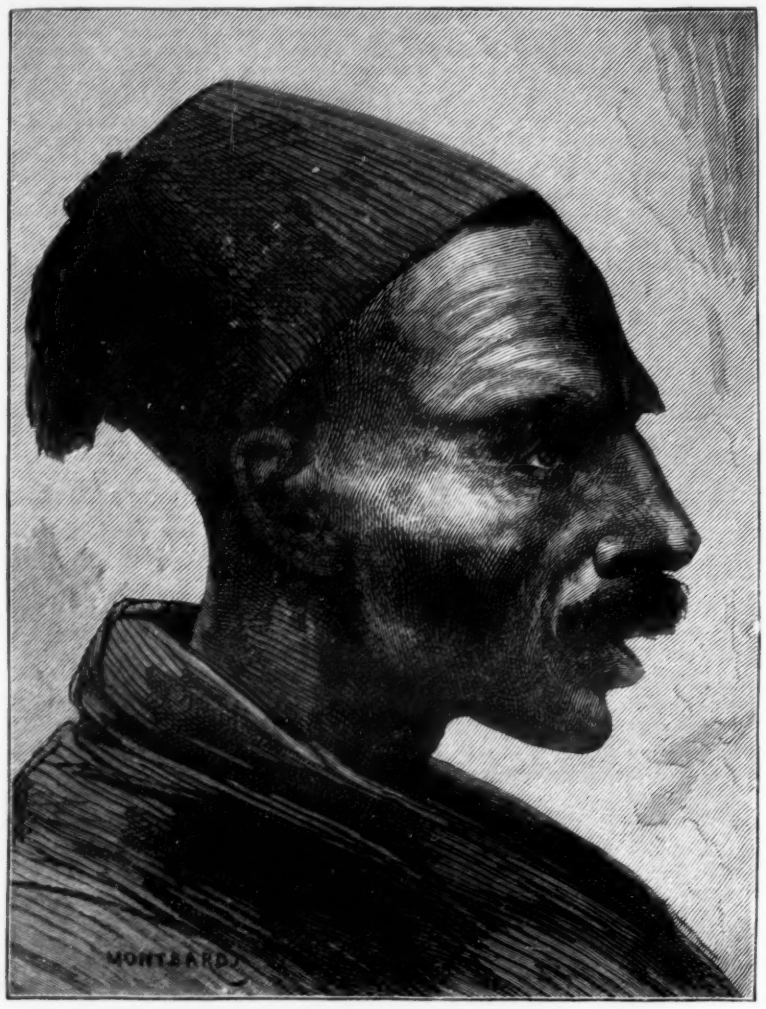
ZEBEHR, SLAVERY, AND THE SOUDAN.

BY A. EGMONT HAKE,
AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CHINESE GORDON," ETC.



THE MAHDI.
(From a Portrait lent by Mr. Egmont Hake.)



ZEBEHR PASHA.
(From a Portrait lent by Mr. Egmont Hake.)

To clearly understand the present situation in the Soudan it is necessary to go back many years; for, like most stirring dramas, this one is made up of many scenes, each and all so interdependent that, unless followed step by step from the curtain's rise, the whole must be vague, hazy, and incomplete. It is a story rich in plot and counterplot; it tells of a struggle of ancient rights against new pretensions; an endless strife, darkened by unhallowed feats in persecution, pillage, and treachery; and of a battle-ground on which the deepest degradation of the East and the highest purpose of the West are opposed. It tells of a transition from peace and plenty to anarchy and despair. And the principal figures and effects are composed of Sultans and robber chiefs, armed bands and clouds of runaway blacks, burning villages, and deserts strewn with the dead. But there is one light in the utter darkness—the light to which all the world now looks as the dawn of peace in that troubled land.

Before dealing with the question of slavery, and the condition of the unhappy Soudan, however, let us see what were the causes of all these troubles, and who was the chief instrument in bringing about the wretched state of things which has so long prevailed. It is nothing new that Europeans in their attempts to better the lot of the uncivilised often succeed only in rendering it far worse. The history of savages, from the first visit of the traveller to the later ones of trader and missionary, furnish in most cases a chronicle of decadence. What nature never intended, is freely introduced; and what is a virtue in the West soon becomes a vice in the East. Religion is converted into a frenzy; trade into a revelry of rapine and murder; and the hundred-and-one advanced habits of Europeans drift into abuses, and even orgies, which no power can control.

Thus, in some sort, has it been with the Soudan. The early traders, of whom Petherick was the pioneer, introduced spirits and tobacco, which they supplied in exchange for ivory, and such a hold did these luxuries take on the tribes that to obtain them they were ready to sell the very souls which missionaries told them they possessed. But souls not being marketable, they bartered their bodies instead; or, rather, the bodies of their enemies at first, and of their friends or kinsmen afterwards. It was in this way that the transition from the traffic in natural ivory to the traffic in human ebony came about; and with it all the freedom and joy of a then flourishing land passed into persecution, slavery, and death.

The demand for slaves at Cairo, Constantinople, and Stamboul was greater than the demand for ivory in Europe; and the price of the first eclipsed the price of the last. This was a European discovery, of course, and was acted upon by enterprising traders without delay. Ivory no longer excited the same interest, and the thirty peaceful dépôts along the Nile were soon converted into those fortified posts and slave-holds which have existed, with but short intermittence, ever since, and have been the bane of the whole territory from Khartoum to the lakes. The traffic first introduced by the European merchants became so extensive, that for very shame it had to be abandoned. An international outcry forced them to quit the scene; but before doing so they sold or leased the dépôts to Arab traders, and this made matters worse. It was around Khartoum that the unholy work began, but it soon spread along the route to Darfour; and its greatest centre was at Shaka, where a native chief of ivory dépôts, well known to Europeans, held supreme sway. This was Zebehr. Strong, daring, and ambitious, in the change he saw his opportunity, and seized upon it. Having laid his plans, he carried them out on a scale hitherto unattempted. Instead of depending on the chance gains of single kidnappings, he organised an army of slave-hunters, furnished them with arms, and dispatched them on raiding expeditions.

They attacked the villages, plundered the harmless and peaceful tribes, and brought in convoys of slaves. The victims of these expeditions were then sorted, and conveyed across the Desert; while some were enlisted as recruits, and used for future raids. It was not long, then, before Zebehr became a power in these districts: his ever-increasing supply of slaves had given birth to a new craft, that of the *jellab* or slave-dealers, who came to Shaka for the purchase of slaves, and dragged them along the Nile to the border. These *jellabs*, who owed their origin and depended for their means on the great slave-hunter, before many years visited Zebehr's seriba in crowds. Indeed, according to Dr. Schweinfurth, in 1871, no less than 2700 of them arrived there, prepared to purchase human wares.

All this meant extended influence and large revenue; and Zebehr was not the man to keep it secret. He is described as having held an almost regal court at Shaka, with armed sentries at his tent-door, chained lions in his divans, and all the imposing accessories of wealthy Eastern life. He had reached the zenith of his power—a power that, like a tropical plant, had grown up in a night. His name was a terror throughout the Soudan. It had travelled even further, and was rumoured at Cairo. The far-sighted Ismail soon saw in this man a rival and an enemy. He called a Council of his Ministers, and it was decided that steps be taken forthwith to curb Zebehr's influence in the dependency.

An armed force under one Bellali, an Egyptian General, was dispatched, the ostensible reason being that Darfour was in a state of enmity, the real one being to hold Zebehr in check. It was not long before this force came into collision with Zebehr's followers. The slave-hunter hearing of its approach, guessed its object. He therefore collected round him his armed bands, and engaged the Government troops. He routed them on all sides, killed or captured the greater number, and left Bellali slain on the field. Then he retired into his old haunts, resumed his habits of kidnapping and plunder, swelling the ranks of his army and filling his coffers with the proceeds of his trade. A country which was but a short time before almost a paradise became, under his rapacious rule, a desert and a wilderness; whole villages were laid waste, whole tribes were scattered and left homeless, to suffer, to die, or to pass into everlasting captivity. The suffering blacks cried out for help, for resistance was of no avail: the Soudan was his.

Thus, after the defeat of Bellali, the Egyptian Government were confronted by an ogre in the form of "Definite Policy." The Ministerial and national cry of "Bookra" ("to-morrow") was no good now; either Zebehr must rule in the Soudan, or a real campaign must be undertaken against him—a campaign involving great expenditure of men and money, without the prospect of anything like a *quid pro quo*. While the Khedive and his Ministers were trying to decide the problem before them, Zebehr sent down his excuses, and explained what had hitherto appeared inexplicable. In the acceptance of excuse and explanation lay the loophole for escape from the Ministerial dilemma, and Zebehr might have remained to this day a power in the Soudan, had it not been for the Sultan of Darfour. That ruler was the means of bringing about the downfall of Zebehr, though in doing so he lost his province and his life. He had issued an order prohibiting the export of grain from his country, and as Zebehr and his followers were no longer tillers of their own soil, their seribas were dependent on the products exported by their neighbours, and no neighbour could grow such grain as came from Darfour. Zebehr, therefore, at once moved towards that province, and the Egyptian Government, seeing that it would never do to allow the slave-hunter to conquer Darfour alone, invited his co-operation as the Khedive's ally, and created him a Bey. In this way the war waged against Darfour became a joint affair: Zebehr made his attack on the south, while the Egyptian forces attacked on the north, and it was mainly owing to Zebehr's generalship and bravery that the province was so rapidly subdued. The final battle which decided this conquest extinguished the long line of rulers who had governed Darfour for more than 400 years. The Sultan was shot through his helmet, and his two sons were cut down while protecting the dead body of their father. Then came annexation, with an effort to administer the conquered country; and it was during this effort that Zebehr clearly showed his hand. He demanded as a right the position of Governor-General, and the grounds upon which he made his claim were twofold. First, he could have conquered the country without any help from Egypt, and had intended to do so. Secondly, during the battles which had taken place the brunt of the fighting had fallen upon him, and the victories were entirely due to his efforts and skill. All this was true—so true, indeed, that it decided the Khedive not to give more power to one who had already shown himself so powerful. Zebehr's demand was refused, but he was made a Pasha and thanked for the services he had rendered. To be made a Pasha in Egypt is to be made an official whose employment in any capacity must be rewarded by a salary of not less than £100 a month. But with that meagre income from the Government a Pasha can often afford to spend £100 a week, and to retire from active service at the end of a few years, a wealthy landed proprietor. Bacsheesh is the influence which brings prosperity to the underpaid Pasha; but his official employment must be one which can command a bribe, or else a Pashalate suggests an empty title and an empty purse. To Zebehr it meant both, so far as the Government who bestowed it was concerned, and therefore he looked upon his reward as *nil*. The Governor-Generalship of the Soudan meant money, power—everything; and this position Zebehr was determined to have, and at any risk. His first move was to call a meeting of his chiefs, and the place appointed was near a large tree on the left-hand side of the road which runs from El Obeid to Shaka. Here, under this tree, Zebehr declared his plans, and made his officers swear upon the Koran to keep the compact they were about to enter into. The terms of this compact have since been clearly understood, though they have never been actually disclosed; they included a solemn oath requiring those present to openly revolt against Egypt, should Zebehr at any time call upon them to do so, and this oath was formally subscribed to by all. His next step was to collect a large sum of money—£100,000 it

is said; and with this he started for Cairo, intending to see what eloquence could do with the Khedive, and what "backsheesh" could do with his brother Pashas. He was received as a distinguished guest, courted, fêted, and flattered. The £100,000 gradually slipped into the pockets of the Pashas, who affected to add their eloquence to his in the hope that the Khedive would be persuaded to give him the command he desired. But Ismail had arranged his plans from the day Zebehr left the Bahr-Gazelle; and in the programme he had laid down Zebehr was never to return to the country he had left. Time went on, argument was met by counter-argument, demands by objections, entreaties by diplomatic promises, but by the time the £100,000 had vanished Zebehr knew he was neither more nor less than a State prisoner, whose very life was in the hands of the man he had expected, at first, to persuade, and, failing that, to coerce. Every request that he might be allowed to return to the Soudan, if only for a short time, was replied to with a polite excuse; and though his captivity was magnificent in its surroundings, he was, after all, a captive. The Nemesis was interesting to everyone except to the man on whom it had fallen. Zebehr was in reality now no less a slave than was each pampered and petted eunuch who hung about his own court in the Bahr-Gazelle; no less a slave than a thousand other slaves he had bought or captured, and sold into a bondage where they were well and even luxuriously treated.

It was during this time that Gordon, having completed his work in the Equatorial provinces, was appointed Governor-General in the Soudan, where, having administered Khartoum, he determined to strike at the head-quarters of slavery, the dens of the slave-hunters, the refuge of the persecuted slave-dealers, whose business had already been broken up and declared illegal. Zebehr was well informed of everything which occurred in the Soudan; and the freedom of action and intercourse allowed him, enabled him to send and receive secret messages. Therefore, when he was made aware of Gordon's intention to strike at the very heart of slavery, he knew that Gordon's success would mean his ruin, and would sweep away all vestige of a possibility of his return to the Soudan. To destroy the power of the slave-hunters was to destroy the source from which Zebehr and his followers derived their revenue; and this loss of revenue would mean loss of territory, loss of slave stations, loss of slaves themselves. Possessed of these, Zebehr was still a power, even in his captivity, for he was actively represented by his son Suleiman in the old den at Shaka. Without them, he was an outcast, a pensioner, a nobody. The time for action had arrived, and Zebehr knew how to act. He sent to Suleiman and to the chiefs he had assembled before he left for Cairo, and commanded them to *put into effect the orders given under the tree*, which meant they were at once to revolt against the Egyptian Government, and thus keep the oath they had sworn upon the Koran years ago. No sooner was Zebehr's order received at Shaka than the slave-hunters rose in open rebellion, and, with Suleiman at their head, took the field against Gordon and the Government troops under his command.

At this time the state of the law on slavery, which has been described as "imperfect," was really in a complete tangle. Gordon had in his possession an order, signed by the Khedive, "to put to death all slave-dealers, or persons taking slaves." He also had the convention, signed at Alexandria, Aug. 4, 1877, which called slave-taking "robbery, with murder," and the Khedive's decree issued with that convention, commanding the crime to be punished with "five months to five years imprisonment." Yet at the same time there was a telegram from Nubar Pasha stating that "the sale and purchase of slaves in Egypt was legal." Under confusions and complications such as these a Governor-General of Gordon's stamp was not unlikely to act upon his own judgment and responsibility, and to establish laws which he could see put into effect under his personal superintendence, and which should represent some definite policy. Having, then, decided that the question of domestic slavery should remain in abeyance for a while, he declared all slave raids to be abominations and all slave-hunters criminals. How far he was justified in arriving at this decision is perhaps best understood by a glance at the condition of things then existing in Shaka, the stronghold of Zebehr's hordes. Gordon rightly called it the "Cave of Adullam," for all murderers and robbers were assembled there, and thence they made raids upon the negro tribes, who were caught and sold wholesale to the slave-dealers, to be

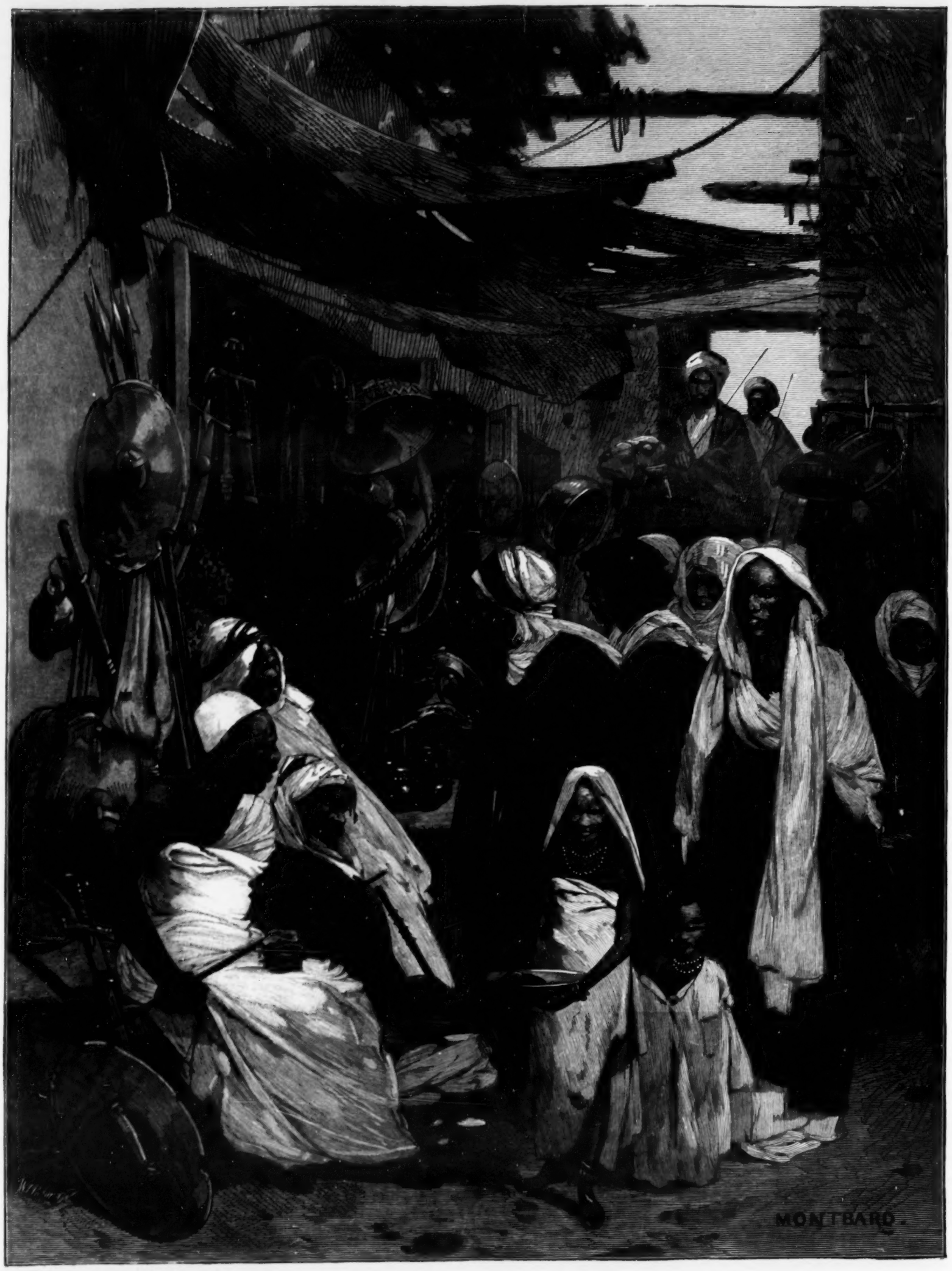
CONVOY OF SLAVES IN THE SOUDAN.

by them retailed in the various slave-markets, which were numerous and well supported.

At Shaka there were three or four thousands of these slaves awaiting buyers, and there was an army of eight or ten thousand men used for slave-hunting, and ready to oppose any one who interfered with their practice. Suleiman, the son of Zebehr, was the representative head, and as the Khedive governs with his Ministers, so Suleiman governed with his chiefs. The town of Shaka was actually larger than El-Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, and well-fortified, and the army to which reference has been made was chiefly composed of slaves, captured at an early age, who had been trained as warriors by Zebehr before he left for Cairo. All the neighbouring country was laid waste, for there was no one to till the ground; and neighbouring tribes, such as those at Rajazat, only dared to grow sufficient grain to feed their own families from mouth to mouth, for their territory was subject to frequent inroads made for the purpose of fresh captures. The lives of these slaves may be divided into three distinct periods, dating from the time of bondage. At Shaka, they were well treated, for, like the cattle they resembled, the better the condition the better the price they fetched. The second period was entered upon when they were disposed of to the slave-dealers, and this was the time of hardship, suffering and cruelty. Packed, and loaded with chains, they started on the caravan journey across the desert—a journey marked at every stage by hunger, thirst, disease, and death. The stillness of the desert was only broken by cries for grain, piteous appeals for water, and wailings of despair. With burning fevers, parched throats, and sunken eyes they dropped in hundreds by the way; and the only act of mercy shown them by their owners was in the crack and flash of the pistol—the murder, which put an end to all their wretchedness. Such was the journey across the desert; those who survived it entered upon the third and final period of their career, and this was one of comparative ease. They were retailed to private individuals and employed in domestic servitude, and domestic servitude in Egypt does not mean either hardship or misery. Much has been written about slavery which is fantastic and unreal, and a popular public sympathy has often been enlisted in a condition which is as often misunderstood. Domestic slavery in Egypt is as free from cruelty and unkindness as domestic service in England; indeed, in many cases the slaves have advantages beyond those of our servants. If a man, therefore, is too poor to provide for his own offspring, the condition of such offspring is improved by translation to a well-to-do neighbour, even under the bond of slavery; but the terms of bondage require careful supervision, and the translation should be immediate and personal. Gordon knew all this, and that was why he had determined to destroy the nest at Shaka, thus causing Zebehr to send the command, "*Put into effect the orders given under the tree.*"

But in Gordon they had to deal with one who had his own methods of subduing an enemy; and never, perhaps, were these better illustrated than on this occasion. On his part, he was well aware that any attempt to defeat them in the field would be worse than useless, for the force at his command was composed of a handful of lazy and chicken-hearted Egyptians, who could neither fight themselves nor would let him do so, if, by any arts of treachery, they could prevent it. The position was a most serious one in every way: here were not only 6000 determined men ready to revolt, but the whole country was in a state of anarchy, and one false step would place him at the mercy of even worse foes than these desperate robbers. Not that it was death he feared; what most troubled him was the thought of what would be the fate of the suffering population if, by some untoward chance, he were suddenly removed. It was not the first time in his life that he had faced difficulties so seemingly overwhelming: it was not the first time that the shadow of death had come so near. That shadow through all his career has fallen as from a dial, and has seemed darkest when the noon-day of victory was at hand. With a daring and a faith that startled even the torpid spirit of his followers, he mounted his horse and rode alone and unarmed, into Suleiman's camp. The 6000 slavers stood round their chief, open-eyed and amazed, as he reined up. What, then, was their wonder, when, having dismounted, he entered their chief's divan, and even sat upon the slave-king's throne. Only the chiefs heard what he said; but it was soon very clear that not a hand among them would be raised against him. In a few words he told them that unless they submitted to his rule it would be their ruin: that he would disarm them and break them up. They listened cowering, and then divided into groups, debating as to whether they should revolt or submit. But it was not long before many laid down their arms and swore fealty to the Government; and among the first was Zebehr's son. At length this whole army of brigands was converted into loyalty; and then it was, but not till then, that Gordon revealed to the leaders what he proposed as their reward. He would give them Government posts and Government pay on condition that they swore to be true. He would even do more than this: certain consignments of ivory of which they had been deprived should be returned to them on payment of the legal dues. All were now agreed, and willing to sign the compact. As for Suleiman, he vowed eternal loyalty to the Government, and fawned upon and kissed the feet of the man whom but a few hours before he had purposed to destroy. Thus the crisis was at an end; peace was restored; foes were turned into friends; and all without a shot being fired or a sword being drawn.

Suleiman was appointed to the Governorship of the Bahr Gazelle, and, before many days, proceeded to that province to administer its affairs. Meantime, fresh duties awaited Gordon in other districts of the Soudan, and, while engaged in fulfilling these, he was summoned to Cairo by the Khedive to help in settling the finances of Egypt, which had fallen into an almost hopeless mess. There he was required to do what did not suit his notions of justice; so, after rendering himself unpopular among the Court Pashas and their functionaries by his uncompromising candour, he started off to Abyssinia to hunt down a troublesome Governor and replace him by one more suited to the post. In this way, almost a year had gone by before he returned to Khartoum to take up the affairs of his Government, which, against his wish, had been so suddenly set aside. He was quite prepared to find an overwhelming amount of work awaiting him, and even to discover that not a few reforms would be necessary as the result of his enforced



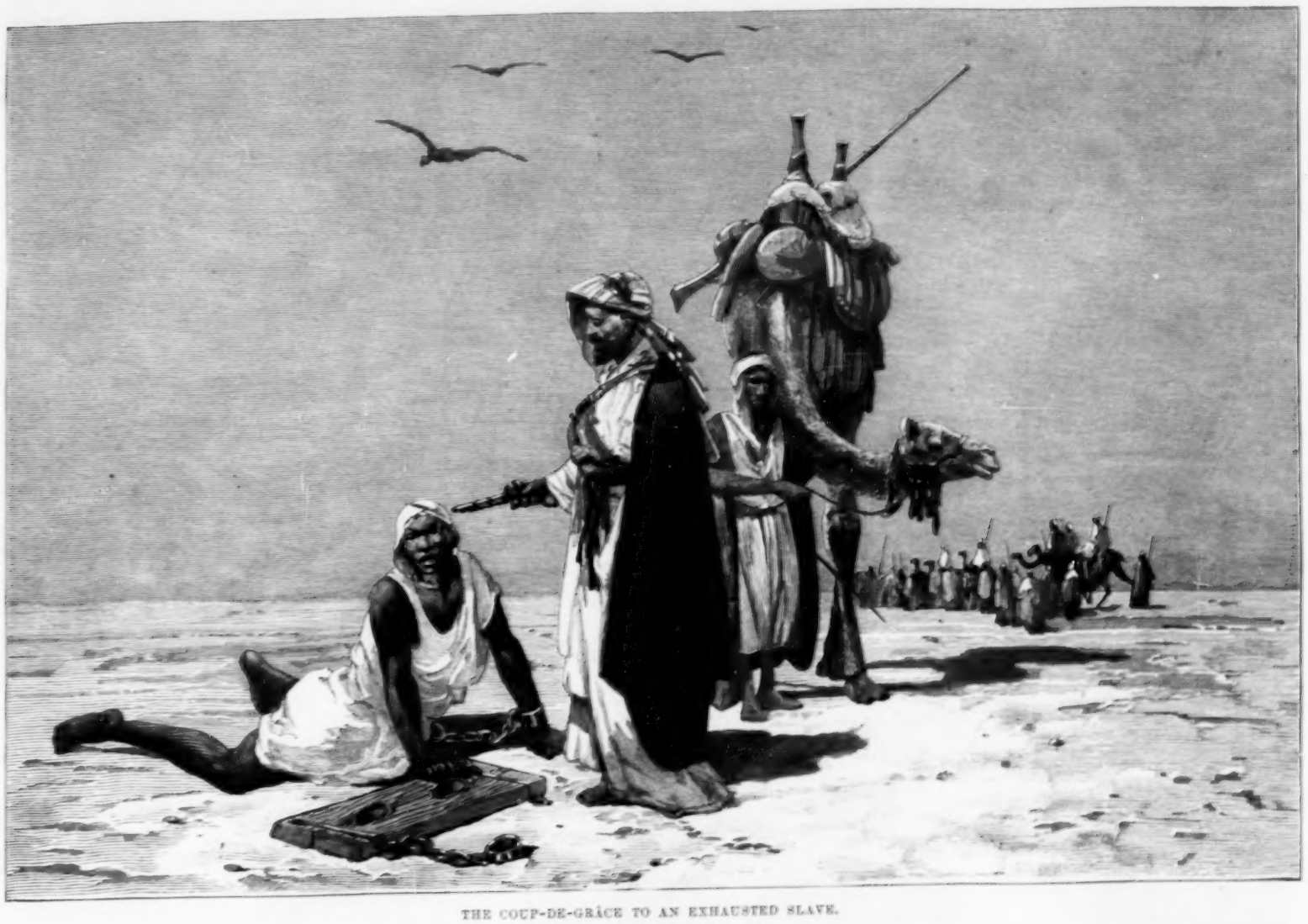
THE BAZAAR AT ASSOUAN.

absence. These expectations, and more, were fully realised on his arrival. Indeed, as is so often the case, the unexpected was what happened, and it was this. Suleiman had been plundering the inhabitants of the Bahr Gazelle and using every means in his power to incite them to revolt.

On arriving at his father's *Dem*, or village, he had gathered round him a number of old adherents. In fact, it was but too clear that he had broken out into open rebellion; and any doubt that may have remained on this point was at once dispelled by the news that the ex-Governor of the province, while on his way back to head-quarters at Khartoum, had been attacked by the rebels, and the stores he carried with him treacherously handed over to them by one of his own men. In the encounter, many of his force were either killed or taken prisoners, and it looked as if not a few of these had but too willingly entered the ranks of the enemy. Altogether it was a most serious juncture in affairs, and there was not a moment to lose in taking steps to avert the still greater dangers that threatened. To make matters worse, there were urgent reasons why Gordon could not himself head an expedition against the rebels. Fortunately, however, he was in a position to send an able representative in Romulus Gessi, who, in conjunction with Hassan, acted throughout to the letter of his instructions. The object in dispatching these two commanders was two-fold: to crush the rebellion where it had broken out, and to prevent its spread into the already disaffected districts of Shaka and Kordofan. The undertaking was no light one, for Suleiman's successful assault on the Government troops had fired his followers, and the booty now in his hands showed them the way to further conquests.

It is not proposed here to enter into the details of the campaign which resulted from these events. It will be enough to say that no less than twelve battles were fought before the rebellion was quelled. During these, the fury of the rebels was only equalled by the splendid daring and resource of Gessi and his men, in the face of obstacles perhaps unsurpassed in the annals of savage war. The losses sustained on both sides were terrible, and no small number of the Government troops "suffered martyrdom" in the hands of the enemy; while never in the history of the Soudan were greater cruelties endured by its people, nor more havoc done in their country than during these times. But at length victory attended Gessi's arms; the slave-dealers were broken and scattered, and the ringleaders brought to justice. At the sittings of the Council formed at Khartoum to inquire into the causes of the outbreak, it was clearly shown that Zebehr was the chief offender. His hand was everywhere visible. Among a number of stores seized by Gessi in a final engagement was one of Suleiman's trunks. It contained letters from his father inciting him to rebel and levy war against the Government. Nor was this all. Other documents were found of a not less compromising nature, and these showed that the ex-slave hunter had not only planned and encouraged the movement, but had dispatched gunpowder and arms to his followers; in fact, had used all the means in his power to ensure respect for the oath he had exacted from them on his departure for Cairo seven years before. Thus it was proved that both Zebehr and his son had acted as traitors to the Government, and, this being so, they were condemned to death, and those who were proved to have aided them in their treachery were sentenced to banishment. Suleiman suffered the extreme penalty of the law, but for some reason never yet explained Zebehr's position at Cairo has remained uninterfered with up to the present day. Indeed, the Khedive, far from showing any desire to remove him, has, since the sentence, manifested an increasing desire to favour and employ him. His pension has remained unremitted; he has been encouraged to take part in the Court ceremonials; and no sooner do new difficulties arise in the Soudan, than the slave-hunter's services are at once enlisted!

A judicial review of what has now been written concerning Zebehr, slavery, and the Soudan, shows how right it is to group these three subjects together, for they comprise all the essentials of a most unholy Trinity in Unity. But it must be remembered that Zebehr is only dealt with as a princely representative of a class, for there were at the same time in the interior some six thousand other slave dealers and hunters besides him, each endowed with more or less power. That the end of a career so terrible and destructive to humanity was a necessity is perfectly true; but Zebehr is naturally the last man to whom that necessity can be made clear. And herein lies an excuse for plots he has planned and designs



THE COUP-DE-GRÂCE TO AN EXHAUSTED SLAVE.

which have meant disloyalty. With him slave-hunting was justifiable, for it was a national institution: for years he had received the support of the Egyptian Government, who purchased his slaves, permitted him to import arms, to establish armies, and to fortify posts. It was only when he had reached a success—in his view well deserved, as representing the result of enterprise and energy—that the Government showed any disposition to fall out with him: and it was but natural that, as a strong man, he should resent what he considered an ill-timed interference. His defeat of the Government troops under Bellali, whom he looked upon as Government spies, was condoned by the invitation to assist in the subjugation of Darfour. The motive of this invitation, however, was sufficiently patent to Zebehr and his chiefs, and the reward offered for the valuable services rendered was insufficient and inadequate. Besides, it was not free from a motive rich in Oriental cunning. In making Zebehr a Pasha the Khedive was converting a semi-independent rival into an admitted vassal and servant of the State, so that there was some measure of reason in Zebehr's demand to be given the position of Governor-General. The bare Pashalate carried nothing with it; the position he demanded carried everything; and had it been granted, instead of being refused, it is quite possible that Zebehr, the slave-hunter, might have become Zebehr, the great administrator and friend of Egypt. Then when he went to Cairo, professedly on a visit of salutation to the Khedive, he was detained as a permanent prisoner, with no reasonable prospect of ever being allowed to return to his own country. In the whole action of the Egyptian Government there had been what he was bound to consider trickery and treachery, and it is no wonder that under these circumstances plot should have been met by counterplot. The result of a successful revolt in the Bahr-Gazelle, such as Zebehr endeavoured to instigate, would have led to his being sent into the Soudan to put matters right again, since it was during his absence that they had gone wrong. And in this reflection, which was followed up by immediate action, lay the slave-king's opportunity of returning to his own country. Had Gordon and Gessi been unable to quell that revolt, Zebehr would undoubtedly have replaced them. Indeed, Nubar Pasha actually wrote saying that he was prepared to send him at once if Gordon approved of such a measure, and that the slave-hunter had promised to pay the State a revenue of £25,000 a year. This meant a complete capsize of everything Gordon was trying to effect, for clearly the only way Zebehr could provide a revenue of £25,000 a year was by sending down slaves into Egypt. Let slave-hunting receive its death-blow in the destruction of all slave strongholds, and then, if you will, let Zebehr be given a responsible position in a country where he is known and able to exercise his administrative powers, and let that responsible position be well paid and firmly supported. This was the tenour of the policy Gordon recommended, and a similar policy is one of which he would doubtless now approve. Zebehr can probably administer the Soudan even in its present position, for he is able, courageous, and a powerful administrator; but the work must be well paid and well supported, and a return must be given for much that has been taken away. Then a powerful foe may be converted into a useful friend, for a liberal salary and a great position can convert even an Eastern slave-hunter into an average Eastern Governor-General, and a little genuine Western philanthropy may possibly be introduced at the same time. A great deal of Gordon's success has lain in the fact that he has always been a generous and straightforward foe. As the Master whom he serves first struck down his enemy Saul, and then converted him into his faithful servant Paul, so Gordon has often struck down his enemies, and then used them as allies and changed them into friends. In this way grand results have been achieved, though there have been instances of failure here and there. In this spirit Gordon would willingly shake hands with Zebehr, the notorious ravager and ruiner of countries. He has destroyed his power as a slave-hunter, and the power of those who helped him: he would now urge that the employment of such power as he still possesses should be directed into a new channel. Where courage, energy, and a talent for organisation and administration showed themselves in slave wealth through devastating wars and raids, let them now have the chance of showing themselves in restoring peace and plenty to a ruined land. The result of this endeavour may be a failure, it is true, but even then the condition of things can hardly be made worse; on the other hand, the result may be success, and may thus add one more triumph to the Christian practice of trying to make your foe your friend. Zebehr has treated others ill, but he has himself been ill-treated in return. If he can now be used for good, the past should be buried in the present. In a position from which he can see happiness where he only saw misery, and hear blessings where he only heard cursings, he may be enabled to realise how necessary it was that the unholy power he used before should be crushed, how necessary that one should be confined that many might be free. An honest man in the East is rarely understood, but he is always respected, and, what is more, often appreciated. An idiot, though rarely an object of appreciation, is also an object of respect, for respect is given in the East to all that is mysterious, and the ways of an honest man are as difficult to comprehend as the vagaries of a fool. Zebehr would never make an honest Governor-General of the Soudan, in the Western conception of the word "honest." He would never tell the truth, for the truth is not in him, and he would always accept bribes, and most probably extort them if they were not offered. Lies and bribes are national attributes, and a native Governor-General who did without them would be regarded as a fool. But Zebehr might, notwithstanding all this, prove an abler and more useful ruler in the Soudan than any other available Eastern, for he knows the people whom he would be called upon to govern, and he is known and feared by them. Those people require to be governed courageously, and Zebehr has courage; they also require to be governed by kindness, and Zebehr can be made kind. The question is really one of expediency, and virtues in this case must be bought with pounds, shillings, and pence, if they cannot be obtained by less ignoble means. No person living is as capable of deciding who should govern the Soudan as General Gordon; and he has decided that at the present crisis Zebehr would be the nearest approach to the right man in the right place.